

MOTION PICTURE

SEPTEMBER 25c

"EDDIE AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A BABY!"

May Britt
Sammy Davis


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THEY
MUST
MARRY**



Liz Taylor

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Not hand-to-hand combat, just heart-to-heart romance for Mr. Hamilton and Susan Kohnee. Friends wonder if the date's set.



Blissful bride Luana Patten and groom John Smith said their "I do's" on June 4, then hurried off to honeymoon in New York.

Col. Parker must be gnashing his teeth over Elvis Presley's appearance on Frank Sinatra's show. It was so awful that every critic in the land jumped on Elvis with both feet. I blame Sinatra for not giving him better material, but Frank didn't ask him to grow that pompadour. The minute Elvis arrived in Hollywood, Hal Wallis persuaded him to get a hunch haircut. Looks much better, too.

The British certainly cut the \$500,000 jewel robbery of Sophia Loren down to size, claimed the gems were worth only half that.

Everybody's writing books these days. Olivia de Havilland is doing one telling about her happy married life with Frenchman Pierre Galante. I think Suzy Parker should follow suit and write about her marriage to a Frenchman. I

laughed merrily when I read that Liz Taylor was writing her autobiography and telling all. I don't think she'd dare.

Sandra Dee has taken over the Romans. They love blondes and she's the cutest one they've seen in some time. She hasn't got the voluptuous curves of Anita Ekberg, but they're used to her now and seem to prefer one more petite. Sandra did a sweet thing before leaving for Europe. While making a personal appearance in Cleveland, Ohio, she changed her plane reservations and made a special visit to the parents of her producer, Ross Hunter, and spent the afternoon with them. Before she left here, Ross gifted her with all the beautiful Jean Louis clothes from her last picture.

Loretta Young is fit to be tied over the *Saturday Evening Post* story about her life. Curiously, they never mentioned

her daughter, who is now happily married. But neither does Loretta.

Lana Turner could have saved herself a peck of trouble if she'd sent her daughter to the Menninger Clinic long ago. Sending Cheryl to a reform school isn't the answer; this girl needs special treatment and has for a long, long time. The last thing Lex Barker said to Lana after their separation was: "Watch Cheryl. She'll bring you more unhappiness than you've ever known."

I don't know what our Rolls Royce set will do now that we have the Buckingham Service which rents a Rolls complete with liveried chauffeur. At present, Jerry Wald, Billy Wilder, David Niven, Tony Curtis, Irving Lazar, Sammy Davis, Jr., and many others own Rolls. Must put their noses out of joint to know that anyone can now hire one.

UNDER HEDDA'S HAT



By Hedda Hopper



Baby, it's cold inside for Connie Stevens and beau Gary Clarke at the Ice Capades.



Leslie Caron besieged *Subterraneans* costar George Peppard with pix of her kids.



Judy Garland and her kids Lisa, 14, Joe, 5, and Lorna, 7, held party for TEACH.

No one here was surprised that May Britt and Sammy Davis, Jr., announced their engagement, but I'll be surprised if they marry. This is the third white girl he's romanced. There's no doubt Miss Britt is far gone on him. She said: "We should have no trouble—there's very little anti-Semitism in Sweden."

Her former in-laws tell me she was the least grasping girl they'd ever seen. She never asked for anything, wanted nothing, and didn't even pick up her wedding presents when she left. At the SHARE party with Sammy, she appeared aggressively happy. But if I know Sammy, his ambition will let nothing interfere with his career—not even marriage.

Playboy has a layout on Tony Curtis for its September issue honoring him as Hollywood's best dressed actor. I'll never forget when he got his first custom-made suit. He wore [Please turn the page]



Hollywood's annual WAIF benefit ball, organized by Jane Russell, drew out perennial beauty Barbara Stanwyck, who sat at our Hedda's table with debonair Vincent Price.



Hedda Hopper

Continued from page 5

it to a party at my house and went around to guests saying, "Look at the hand stitching." He wore it with a \$75 pair of hand-made snake skin shoes which a friend had given him because they were too small. They hurt Tony's feet, too, but he wore them.

When Stewart Granger was asked if there was trouble between him and Jean Simmons, he nearly went through the roof of the studio. They got no work out of him for the balance of the day. Where there's so much smoke, there's got to be fire. Jean's been working steadily while he's spent most of the past three years on that ranch. Doesn't seem fair to me.

After Hope Lange returned from the Cannes Film Festival, I asked her if she saw Stephen Boyd in Paris. She replied, "Oh, yes, we did some sightseeing together."

Hope would love a play on Broadway this fall. During the writers' strike when she couldn't continue acting, she resumed dancing lessons with David Lichine. She was a dancer before she clicked in movies. At this writing, she hasn't yet sued Don Murray for divorce.

I'm told John Ireland is the fly in the ointment in the separation of the very rich George Cameron.

Dolores Michaels, who has found her voice since her romance with Don Murray, thinks you can't be really sexy and dressed in high-style at the same time. She points to movie sex-queens as the perfect example of this, says: "Marilyn Monroe's basic wardrobe would put the average Paris high-fashion designer into an apoplectic seizure. But no one has ever accused her of failing to be sexy. Jayne Mansfield's plunging necklines and skin-tight costumes are an example of dressing for men exclusively."

Mary Ure, Vivien Leigh's co-star in *Duel of Angels*, houseguested while in Hollywood with Tony Richardson, who's directing *Sanctuary*. While Mary was playing in a London hit last summer her husband John Osborne, author of *Look Back In Anger*, went off traveling in Europe with one of Mary's girl friends. The British have such a cozy way of doing things.

Either Mamie Van Doren has gotten awfully smart lately, or she hired a good lawyer. She got all the moola for her South American picture in advance before leaving home.

Anna Kashfi attended the WAIF Ball with a producer, but left with Desi Arnaz and Cy Howard. Three days later, she went to a hospital which had no connection whatever with her escorts from the ball.

Every principal in *The Last World* got into some sort of an emotional tangle during picture's shooting.

The Michael Rennies finally told it to a judge, narrowly missing as ugly a public family wash as could be imagined when their lawyers got together and squelched charges and countercharges in the interests of his career.

Claude Rains went back to Pennsylvania to find he'd been sued for divorce by his fourth wife, a Yugoslavian singer to whom he'd been married three years. Her complaint charged "indignities."

Fernando Lamas and his wife, after being at sword's point and separated for months, reconciled and became the typical "Hollywood happy couple."

Jill St. John, who did all her own stunts to save time and get the picture finished before the actors' strike, went home to her bridegroom black and blue every night. She later said: "I wouldn't take those falls again if they gave me a million!"

I love the story of the lady fan who once complained to Jane Russell that her recent pictures had been too risqué and she'd do well to make cleaner ones in future. Drawled

Janet: "My present one is very clean—I bathe three times a day."

Tuesday Weld and Richard Beymer lunch every day in the cafe at 20th while working in *High Time*. But they began to appear at weekend parties also, resuming a romance which began some time back, flickered, died down and is on again full blast. It's serious on Richard's part and he admits it to all who inquire. Tuesday? She's a poker player where sentiment is concerned and isn't showing her hand.

Doris Day went into hibernation at Malibu for the summer. She is loud in her praise of Rex Harrison who was "so cooperative on the picture *Midnight Lace*."

When Jeanette MacDonald's book comes out, she'll refute what she maintains are the lies Bosley Crowther wrote about her in *Hollywood Rajah*.

Deborah Kerr and Peter Viertel finished
(Please turn to page 5)

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MY FAVORITE MALE STARS ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

MY FAVORITE FEMALE STARS ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

MY FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

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.....

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Hedda Hopper

[Continued from page 6]

their honeymoon home in Klosters, Switzerland, and had themselves photographed in it before they were even married.

Since the royal princesses from Norway, Sweden and Denmark were tall, the head of protocol asked our tallest men if they would dance with them. So Vincent Price, Tom Tryon and Cesar Romero did. The princesses were charming, but so well guarded that no one was introduced except the fellows with whom they danced. Tryon, in making conversation with one, said: "Your schedule must be as busy as mine when I go on a personal appearance tour. I'm on display every minute of the day except when I'm sleeping." She looked at him and said, "Yes, but you had a choice, you chose to be an actor."

Luciana Paluzzi fairly blew her top over her income taxes in two countries last April. She's been on an economy binge ever since. She visited her husband Brett Halsey in Louisiana when he was on location. The studio had a surprise for her when she returned—a half hour comedy series in which she'll star. It's about a young Italian girl alone in the USA, her adventures and mistakes.

The last time Gia Scala was in London, the press had her jumping off Waterloo Bridge in a suicide attempt. This trip she's being very cautious and a perfect lady.

Jacques Bergerac and Dorothy Malone will visit his parents in France to show them their daughter Mimi, named in honor of Maurice Chevalier. Remember when Jacques married Ginger Rogers and a cameraman followed them all over France and the little town in which he was born?

Eric Fleming, star of *Rancho*, has had quite a career. He left home at age 11! By the time he was 15, he'd seen every state in the Union, using one name after another, but never his own. When he was 20, he'd had 30 different ones. When offered the TV series, he turned it down, said he wanted to go to the South Pacific and live a little. But the backers were so insistent he said yes. His agent, knowing how many names he'd had, asked which one he wanted to use. He said: "I don't care, you pick it." When he read the contract, it was made out to Eric Fleming. After signing, he asked the agent where he found it. "On a toilet," said he. Sure enough there's a firm making bathroom appliances named Fleming.

Most of our cowboys who dress rough and tough on TV look as though they'd borrowed the Duke of Windsor's tailor for their street and evening clothes. Bob Horton wrote from England that after he'd been presented to Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, that the Prince commented on his beautifully tailored tails.

Audie Murphy doesn't seem to care how he looks on or off screen. I'm so glad the separation of the Murphys was only a fam-

ily spat. The story that he fell for Venetia Stevenson was a laugh—nothing could be farther from the truth.

Ruth Roman and Budd Moss are back together after a trial separation.

You should have seen the fireworks at the surprise birthday party given for Tiko Ling, Miss Hawaii of last year. The hostess invited two of her beaux, Eric Fleming and Dewey Martin. Eric won.

Forrest Tucker and his wife separated for some time, but she was on hand for the cocktail party given him by the producer of *The Music Man*. Forrest can't seem to get away from Westerns. *Saddle Soldiers* will be the first picture for his own film company. He signed Heather Sears as his co-star.

Dorothy Provine went over great in her home town Seattle. She was presented the key to the city, and gave several talks at her high school.

Vic Damone and Janet Lake studied religions together. Now they're taking up bull fighting. Janet was formerly Mrs. Bob Dix.

Fans will be glad to learn Dwayne Hickman will have his natural dark brown hair this coming season in *Dobie Gillis*. The studio was swamped with letters saying they hated him with that fake blonde hair. Also, Bob Denver will shave off his beatnik beard on the theory this type has been over-exploited and people are tired of whiskers.

Fabian continued with his lessons during summer vacation as his activities on *High Time* took him away from the classroom. He's determined to graduate from his home school of South Philadelphia High when diploma time comes. Local kids are deluging him with awards and plaques—"Star of the Year" at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Au-



First leave for Tommy Sands from Air Force duty found him rushing to see his Nancy.

ditorium which was jammed with teen-agers. Also "Star of Tomorrow" at Van Nuys Youth Foundation.

Capucine picked her name right off the top of her head, because she thought it sounded exotic and would look intriguing in print. But she can't muzzle intimates who insist on calling her "Cappy" or "Cap" which drives her nuts.

Frankie Vaughan, England's singing idol, lost £46,000 in hard British money during his six months' stay at 20th making *Let's Make Love* with Marilyn Monroe. He'd signed a duration of film contract, and expected the picture to run two months. He returned without our girl Marilyn and the actors' strike.

David Hedison and Gardner McKay, friendly rivals for the escort bit with Maria Cooper, arranged their vacations as to be in Paris when she was there with her father and mother.

Gary, who was scheduled for a picture there, was taken to the hospital instead for an emergency operation. The family spent the summer at home instead. Now David and Gardner are left with egg on their chins, but only so far as Maria is concerned. David had already alerted Luba Otasevic, one of his favorite dates, of his arrival. And Gardner, who went to school in Paris, has a raft of international names in his little black book.

Nina Shipman is in a dither of delight be-

cause publication of her fiancé Peter Gillman's book *Diamond Head* brings him here for a fortnight of exploitation. He jets back to Europe immediately after that to complete his third novel aboard the boat he and Ernest Gann (author of *The High and the Mighty*) have chartered for a Mediterranean cruise workshop. Nina says: "Both Peter and Ernest find life aboard ship the best place to write—no interruptions." Nina and Peter will marry this fall when the book is finished.

Tom Tryon escorted me to the WAIF Ball. I introduced him to Vera Miles and two nights later I saw them at the new smash revue *Vintage '60*. Vera looked a dream in a Don Loper ball gown, which set her back 3,000 smackers.

You're just nothing in Hollywood these days unless you drive a Mercedes-Benz. Jill St. John's wedding gift from Lance Reventlow was a silver blue MB-300 SL—a special job which set him back \$15,000. He'd given her acres of jewels during their engagement, rubies, emeralds and diamonds.

Not to be outdone, David Hedison bought himself an MB—a gray white 220 convertible. "I blew myself to the buggy because I was feeling depressed during the writers' strike," says he.

Stephen Boyd sweet-talked his Mercedes out of Darryl Zanuck as part of their pact when he agreed to make *The Big Gamble*.

Bing Crosby turned down scores of invitations to address college groups all over America after it was announced he was mak-

ing the college picture *High Time*. "Those kids are too fast for me," was his comment. "I wouldn't be caught trying to talk before brains like theirs. I just hope to keep up with the general idea of what they're talking about."

Edgar Rice Burrough's daughter Cindy James has been doing big business in two 20th films. An animal trainer, she supplied the toy poodle Jill St. John carries throughout *The Lost World*. Hoba, who roomed to fame as the dog in *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* is also one of her trainees. She promptly put him to work in *Go North*, where he has a real glamour job—he jumps into a tub with Capucine for laughs. Evidently a beauty clad only in suede isn't enough to send the ticket buyers these days.

Rod Taylor keeps his Metro contract of one picture a year in addition to his *Hong Kong* series at 20th, and pictures there, too. Since *Hong Kong* has a \$9,000,000 budget, this makes Rod about the most eligible bachelor in town. But the gals will see little of him since he has to make 36 weeks of films back to back. He sold his Malibu house and his boat and took a house near the studio. It's been a dull spring for the young beauties. Most of the men scattered during the actors' strike after notifying studios to let them know when they had scripts ready. So night life in Hollywood was dull as a result.

That's all under my hat this month. See you next!

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At about 3:00 o'clock the guests began to arrive at the exclusive Bel Air Country Club, spread out luxuriously like one of the gracious homes dotting the hills around the celebrity-studded valley.

Mrs. Wellman had reserved the club's north wing, three large, sunshine-filled rooms, for her daughter's wedding reception. And now Mrs. Wellman stood in a street-length white lace dress and hat, next to her daughter Kitty, who wore a short bridal gown of blue lace with a brief, graceful veil flowing from a blue lace headpiece. Jim Franciscus was standing on the other side of Kitty, very straight and blond, trying to feel like a husband now that he was one.

As Jim stood there, patiently shaking his two

hundred-fiftieth hand, Kitty looked up at him lovingly. They smiled. A receiving line was a small price to pay for happiness.

Jim wondered if Kitty remembered the first time they had met, over a year ago, shaking hands as strangers and being introduced. . .

It was at a party, and Jim stood next to the pool watching a short, red-haired girl with a ponytail and bright blue cotton dress. Then her brother, Billy Wellman, led her over and said, "Here's a guy I'd like you to meet. My sister Kitty—Jim Franciscus."

"Hi," Jim smiled. They shook hands casually. Jim stood there waiting for her to pick up the ball, Hollywood conversation-style. Instead, the silence

lengthened. Kitty said absolutely nothing.

"Um—are you an actress?" he began, once he had grasped the fact that Kitty was not going to help the conversation along.

"No," she replied, "a dancer."

"Oh," he said. Another silence.

He struggled through a few more long minutes with her, then excused himself. He stood alone for a minute, strangely unnerved, and wondered—How could anyone so cute be so quiet?

Just before the party broke up, he stole another look at her across the pool. And so pretty, too. It really was a shame. He shook his head imperceptibly. No girl, he thought fleetingly, can be that dull . . . or

can she? Then he left the party and went home. . . .

When the receiving line broke up, Jim and Kitty began to circulate among the wedding guests.

"Oh," cooed a friend of Kitty's, "let's see your ring again." Kitty held out her hand proudly. It was a square-cut emerald in simple platinum setting. Green was her favorite color.

"Where's the honeymoon going to be?" someone asked.

"No one knows," Jim smiled mysteriously. "Not even Kitty." He tried not to stare at her too much, but it was hard. He felt like a daring explorer discovering a whole new world. He felt as if Kitty were his own personal, lifelong [Please turn the page]



When Jim first met Kitty he thought her a very pretty—but very dull girl. A year later he changed his mind—and two short weeks later he asked to change her name.



"WHY... why did you wait so long to ask me?"

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and Kitty Wellman,
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whirlwind two-week romance—
that took a year to get started!

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Jim Franciscus
Continued from page 11

discovery. And in a way, she was... They met a second time at another party, two months after the first. He looked at her and thought, "So pretty." Then he remembered, "So dull." Then he thought, "There must have been some mistake." He decided to make sure.

"Hi, remember me?" Kitty looked up and smiled back at him. Then the smile faded and a guarded look came into her eyes. But not quick enough to hide something—a glimmer, a promise. And Jim had seen it before it disappeared.

They talked and again Jim herded the conversation along manfully. She must be shy, he thought. She'll open up.

He asked to take her home after the party. She said yes. He drove and talked. He did practically all the talking. In a way, he did all the trying.

What he didn't know, was when Kitty closed the door, she hid her face and moaned. "Oh no, don't let me be in love with him. I'm afraid to be in love with him."

After that night, Jim dated Kitty once every one or two months. "Just to keep track of her." But she didn't open up. She maintained her stubborn reserve, except to mention frequently how much she wanted to be a famous dancer, because she thought that's what Jim wanted to hear.

Only—the glimmer was still there. Every time Jim searched her eyes, just to have her turn away, he could see it. At least, he thought he could. The light of warmth, promise, excitement.

After the first two dates, Kitty became a challenge. Could he fan that frosty point of light to a flame of passionate response? Could he? He'd sure like to try...

A four-piece orchestra—four girls dressed in sequined gowns—struck up the first notes of the wedding dance on violin, clarinet, bass fiddle and drums. Kitty and Jim began to dance and were joined by other laughing couples.

The song was *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*. A waltz. The melody whirled through Jim's mind. So different from the way it had sounded on his phonograph less than three months ago...

It was Jim's apartment and his phonograph was playing *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*. Jim listened and asked himself: How long can you date a girl—on the promise of a glimmer? It's tonight or never.

He'd invited a few people to his place. They were around the pool and barbecue in back. He took Kitty by the hand and led her into the den. The voices of the other guests outside drifted through the empty house.

"There's something I want to read you," he said. "A poem."

Kitty perched dutifully on the edge of the big beige overstuffed loveseat. She stretched her strong, shapely dancer's legs and wriggled her toes in the fluffy white rug in front of the dark fireplace.

Jim began to read from *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, by T. S. Eliot. A little highbrow for a dull little dancer. Also, a little test.

Jim watched carefully between lines. He peered closely for a reaction, a response. The poem spoke of loneliness, desolation, the hollowness of existence for some men. But not for him. And surely not for a girl like Kitty. The poem meant a great deal to him. He wanted it to mean something to her, too.

When he finished he was silent. He looked at her face. There was an interested, but rather blank, expression on it. His heart sank. Nothing. Was there nothing after all?

Then he said, "You like to be entertained but you don't like to entertain others."

Then Kitty said, "It means so much—the way you read it. I don't know where to begin." Then, somehow, she did begin. She talked of beauty, and the loneliness in the poem, the desolate feeling she got when she heard it, and how so many men's lives are empty because of the lack of love. But surely not hers and Jim's.

Then she was silent again. "Kitty,"—Jim's voice was strained, almost desperate. "Don't you like me?"

She looked at him and something glimmered in her eyes. Amusement, frustration, longing.

"Oh!"—she said. "You!"—she said. There was a long pause. Then a rush of words: "Sometimes I could just hug you!"

Jim felt a great reservoir of affection burst open and flood his heart.

"Well—" he spluttered. "... Why don't you?"

"All right!"—she gasped. "... I WILL!" And then they were holding each other and Jim was thinking, in the split-second before he kissed her, how it was true. No girl, especially not Kitty, could ever be that dull...

Mr. and Mrs. Wellman stood talking in low tones. Mrs. Franciscus sat in the wheel chair to which she had been confined for some time, watching the dancers. She was smiling. It was a day she had longed for.

"Mrs. Franciscus, how do you feel about losing a son?" somebody asked.

She looked up. "I don't think of it that way at all," she smiled the sweet, honest smile of a woman who has fared life and come to terms with it. "I have gained nine Wellmans—a whole new family!"

Jim looked down at his mother and nodded his agreement. "We're a big family, now," he said, and thought silently of a day not so long ago...

Jim walked out to the orchard on the Wellman's estate. Mr. Wellman, for many years one of Hollywood's most respected directors, stood up to his ankles in mud, digging a trench.

Jim, ordinarily a relaxed, easygoing fellow, was very nervous. He had come to ask a serious question, and he had known the Wellmans only slightly during the past year.

Would Kitty's father be pleased? Or would he be angry? Would he think 21 was too young for a girl to choose a husband?

"Mr. Wellman," he said, struggling to keep his voice steady. He walked toward the older man.

"Keep away! Don't come any closer," Mr. Wellman yelled back gruffly, pointing to the mud.

Jim swallowed hard. Not exactly a propitious beginning for a conversation in which you ask a man for his daughter.

But he kept walking. "I have something to tell you," he said firmly. "It won't keep."

Mr. Wellman nodded and kept digging. "Mr. Wellman, sir," Jim continued, then decided to get it over with fast—"Kitty and I want to get married."

Mr. Wellman stopped digging. His jaw dropped. He straightened up and looked at Jim. "You're kidding," he said.

"No," Jim said evenly, "I'm not kidding."

"Well—" the distinguished face stretched into a broad grin. "Well—I think that's wonderful!"

Mrs. Franciscus was in her New York apartment reading when Jim called her from California that afternoon. For the past five years she'd been saying, "Jim's going to be an old bachelor at this rate." She hoped he wouldn't, but he was always so particular about girls.

His first words to her that day were, "Mom, I have a surprise for you." His next were, "I'm going to get married."

There were three thousand miles of silence. And then suddenly there were little, motherly shrieks of surprise and delight. Mrs. Franciscus was relieved. Jim would be settled and happy after all. Happy after all...

The guests gathered around in an excited swarm on the lower level as the bridal couple got ready to leave. Kitty took one look at the throng of faces, closed her eyes and tossed her bouquet of stephanotis and lilies of the valley high in the air.

Then she turned, grabbed Jim's hand and together they made a run for the exit. Just as they reached the door somebody threw a barrage of rice, a couple of Kitty's aunts dabbed at their eyes with filmy handkerchiefs, and everybody agreed, "Don't they look wonderful together? Have you ever seen Kitty more beautiful?"

Strangely, even through the excitement and rush, Jim caught the question and turned it around in his mind. He tried to decide, even while hurrying Kitty to the car, did she look more beautiful now with rice in her hair and her veil blown by the afternoon breeze, or back in the dim, lovely chapel at the Episcopal Church of St. Albans in Brentwood that afternoon, or that evening in his kitchen when he asked her to marry him?

Kitty had been shopping with her mother and she walked in with high heels, hose so fragile you could barely see them over her tan, a beautifully detailed silk shantung dress and her hair done the way she usually wore it by day—in loose curls around her face and ponytail in back.

She knocked lightly on the open door, said hi, and made a pretended attempt at kissing him. Then she drew back and said—"Nope, don't want to get lipstick on you."

Jim leaned forward and said, "You better want to—or else."

Kitty pursed her lips invitingly and said, "Or else what?"

"Or else," he said grimly, "I'll throw you in the pool, of course."

A light glimmered in Kitty's eyes. She fluttered her eyelashes and glanced at him provocatively. "I dare you," she said. "I double dare you!"

[Please turn to page 87]



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the Girl who Ruins my Dates

by Sandra Dee

I had been curious to meet him for a long time, and eagerly said "Yes" when he asked for a date after a friend introduced us at the studio commissary.

He was what the newspapers call "one of Hollywood's glamour boys," and I suppose this reputation fascinated me at age 18.

When I told my mother I was going to a party with him, she hesitated, as if she were about to say something strong. But finally she looked at me tenderly and said, "Honey, he's too old for you. And so are most of the people who will be at that party. I'm afraid you'll feel out of place. Maybe even embarrassed."

I listened politely, but I didn't back out of the date. And Mother's words, like a little voice within me, came back to remind me again and again during the evening.

"He's too old . . . they're all too old. You're out of place. . ."

It wasn't that my Mr. Glamour didn't act like a gentleman. He did. And so did most of the other men there. But a few minutes at the party convinced me I was definitely out of step.

Their conversation was as if they lived on a different planet in a different world. I stood it, until the first guest decided to leave. Then I told my date that I didn't feel well, and he took me home. He didn't object. And looking back I'm certain he felt as out of place with me as I was with him and his more mature friends.

All the next day I felt puzzled and disturbed. I realized I hadn't be-

[Continued on page 16]

Photo by Frank Rex-Globe





Sandra Dee

Continued from page 14

longed and should have heeded mother's advice. I talked to mother about it, and she didn't say anything like, "I told you so." She just explained: "You are ten years younger than the man you went with and probably the others in the crowd. At eighteen that is a big difference. When you're twenty-eight you'll understand what I mean." And she dropped the subject.

But that girl—that voice within me—that had repeated Mom's warning during that embarrassing date, seems to be forever present when I go out. And the voice isn't always Mom's.

Usually it's my own conscience that keeps sending me messages, keeps me on my toes, warns, frightens and embarrasses me. I never seem to be alone with a boy anymore. There are always three of us—my date, me—and that invisible girl who keeps talking into my ears, cautioning "Sandra, you're only eighteen. You're not completely grown up. Don't do anything you wouldn't do at home. Don't park on a lonely street. Watch your manners. Don't show affection in public. Don't be a rubber-mouth. Don't . . . don't . . . don't . . . I."

Usually it sounds like Mom's warnings. And I know she means well so I always listen. I don't want her ever to feel ashamed of me. Yet the voice keeps intruding no matter where I am. Often it makes me feel embarrassed.

I remember one afternoon I came home with a new, tight-fitting, black evening dress. "It's too sophisticated for you!" Mom insisted.

"But, Mom. . . ."

"It's not right for a girl your age to wear a dress like this."

Yet she didn't make me take it back. Before long, I wished she had! I wore it one night and my date and all the other men I met that night, looked at me in a way that was funny. And every time I noticed such a look, I heard the voice saying, "You shouldn't have bought that dress. . . ."

Mostly, the inner voice pops up about my manners and mannerisms which have been drilled into me since I first went out with boys. You know what I mean—things like not putting gloves on the table in a restaurant.

But sometimes I still forget. The other night when the waiter tried to serve me a cup of coffee, he couldn't, because my gloves were in the way. When I saw the waiter hesitate, I hastily took the gloves off the table and put them in my lap. I felt like an idiot. "It wasn't necessary, was it?" that voice asked.

Or take my habit of kicking off my shoes wherever I am. "I know it's more comfortable but it isn't ladylike," Mom explained over and over again.

"But after I dance a while or when I've been standing all day at the studio, my feet hurt. . . ." I protested.

"Other girls' feet hurt, and they don't slip

off their shoes," she came back matter-of-factly. "Keep them on no matter what, or one day you'll find yourself barefoot and embarrassed."

And that's what has happened not just once, but a dozen times. One evening I lost a shoe in a theater. We had to sit through the whole film all over again till the show was over and the theater emptied. I felt awful. The people passed me on the way out and looked at me so peculiarly. My date and the usher had to crawl under the seats to look for my missing shoe. All the while I was silently wishing I could disappear, I was so ashamed of myself. At first, I blamed the people sitting close to us. I was sure they must have pushed my shoe away. Yet my conscience wouldn't let me get away with that. That voice kept telling me the fault was mine, all mine. . . .

Another of my bad habits is that when I talk I always get so excited that my voice becomes several notes higher and I sound very unladylike. Long ago Mom nicknamed me "Rubbermouth" because of it. When Mom and I are with a group of other people, one warning look from her quiets me down. But when she isn't along, sometimes it takes more of a jolt to quiet me.

When I came back from a recent trip to New York, I was still so excited about the trip. I told my date about it in louder and louder tones—till I noticed how unsteady he looked at me. Promptly Mom's words of caution echoed through my ears. "Don't be a 'rubbermouth.'" The effect was startling. Her warnings and my date's annoyance made me go overboard the other way—I talked in whispers. I soon realized he wasn't getting half of what I was saying, and I became worried that I was now acting like an unsophisticated scared little girl, afraid to open her mouth! What a miserable evening that turned out to be!

But as I said before, usually my problem is to tone myself down—both as far as my voice and my actions are concerned, because when I get excited, anything is liable to happen.

Then, of course, there's that other fault of mine—I talk with my hands! I've been cautioned, yet all too often I forget myself, and the results are disastrous.

I had dinner one night with a charming man who was a bit older than I. He took me to the L'Escoffier Room at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, one of the most fashionable and most expensive eating places in Los Angeles. I felt so grown up and ladylike. I looked at myself as a different person . . . and with the help of that inner little voice, I kept acting according to all the standards expected of a young lady. My gloves were on my lap. I didn't put my elbows on the table. I kept my voice down to just the proper level. But whatever we were talking about got me more and more excited and while I managed to control my voice volume, my hands suddenly got into the act—and knocked over a glass of water, spilling it over my escort's beautiful suit.

I was embarrassed to tears. "Sandy, you did it again." I could hear that voice. "You didn't watch. You want to be grown up and then you spill water like a clumsy little girl. You don't belong in a place like this . . . you don't!"

Then, suddenly, I heard my date's voice.

"Look," he grinned, "I did it too!"

I didn't have to be very bright to realize he'd spilled water intentionally over the tablecloth, to make me feel better. And it worked.

However, this "accident" really made Mom's advice sink in. Nowadays, whenever I see my hands getting into the conversation, I can hear the warning voice, "Careful!" And they come right down again.

So, you see, it's mostly my own mistakes that are responsible for those little inner voices. For instance, when my stepfather was still alive, somehow I never paid any attention to the prices on a menu because it didn't matter that much to him. He could afford to pay for whatever I selected.

One day in New York, a boy took me out for dinner. He asked me where I wanted to eat and the first place that came to my mind was Le Pavillion in New York, where I'd eaten lots of times with my stepfather.

The boy blinched a little, but I didn't know why until we picked up the menu. After one brief glance at the price list, he promptly leaned close and whispered, "To tell you the truth, Sandra, I can't afford this place!"

We didn't just want to walk out, so he suggested we have some soup, and then leave for a little hamburger place down the street, to finish our dinner. I've never been more ashamed of myself.

As a result, when a boy takes me out to dinner, I won't even pick up a menu. The moment he asks what I want, the little voice inside answers for me. "Whatever you order is fine with me, too."

The last time I said this, my date ordered the one dish I can't stand—halibut. Yet I couldn't offend him by turning it down. Believe me, I've eaten some of the strangest foods because of that voice!

Another thing that used to worry me was mother's constant reminders to think before talking. "Otherwise," she once told me, "you'll say one thing and mean something else, and everyone is liable to laugh at you. . . ."

I found out what she meant shortly after I first reported to work at MGM. I was only 14 then, too young to date but not too young to be impressed by a young actor who was working on the Culver City lot at the same time. One day he asked if I could meet him for lunch. In my anxiety to accept, I burst out, "I'd love to meet you at the commissary."

He stared back blankly. Then he caught on. "You mean the commissary?"

I gulped hard. "Of course I mean the commissary. I was just kidding. . . ."

I wish I had been.

The inner voice used to bug me by saying, "I bet you're dressed wrong."

As with my other fears, this one, too, dates back to a *faux pas* I once made. One evening when a boy asked me out for dinner, I put on a beautiful new velvet suit. He showed up in Levis, T-shirt, and tennis shoes.

Seeing my surprised expression, he hastily explained, "We're going bowling!"

"How should I have known?" I asked myself. But there was no time to change since we were to meet another couple. So I went as I was, and spent an uncomfortable evening.

For months after, whenever I went out [Please turn to page 87]



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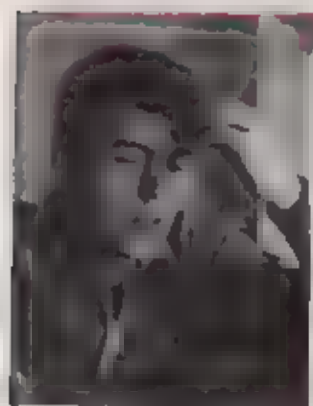
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Last month,
Jimmy Darren
cried:

"AM I GOING BLIND?"

Now, at last,
we can
tell:

WHAT THE DOCTORS ANSWERED!



It was noon, high noon, and Jimmy and Evy Darren waited at the snack bar of the Athens airport for the Olympic Airways plane that would take them to London, where a noted eye specialist wanted to diagnose the terrible trouble with Jim's eye. For weeks now, Jim had lived with the frightening pain in his right eye, the fearful blackouts which came with no warning, and the chilling belief that he might be losing the iris of his eye—that it was being eaten away. Evy had tried to comfort him, but even she was unnerved by the dreadful possibility.

Jim wore dark sunglasses to protect his damaged eye from the dazzling glare of the hot Athenian sun, and while they waited at the snack bar counter, Evy tried to take Jim's mind off his eye by chattering about the Greek gifts they had bought—the Eyzone dolls, the brass shish kebab skewers, the rare, old hand-painted portrait of the Virgin Mary they

had found in Monasteraki, the bargain street of Athens.

But Jim's mind couldn't be diverted. He'd waited weeks for this day to return to London when he finally could learn the fate of his eye. Would they be able to save his sight—or would the iris of his eye continue to be eaten away?

He was so nervous inside that he couldn't eat the food sitting in front of him. And, now that the moment of departure was so close at hand, he choked up over the fear of what the London doctor would say.

Evy clasped his hand in hers and said, "Darling, I know it will be all right. We've just got to have faith."

And Jim prayed fervently, as he had begun doing, for God to give him strength. But deep in his heart, he knew that his eye was worse, that the pain was sharper than ever. [Please turn to page 20]

Had
a Toni
SAVED BIG
MONEY

Spent it
on my
honey!



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James Darren

Continued from page 18

stabbing at him more frequently. To relieve it, he had to take deep breaths and shut his eye frequently to rest it. When he closed his eye, he felt a moment or two of comfort such as sweet relief but all too soon the cutting, piercing pain returned again as though the point of a knife were stuck in his eye.

The departure flight was announced first in English, then in Greek, then in French. Jim and Evy walked out onto the sandy runway of the parched airfield to the gleaming DC-8, which glittered like fire in the bright light of the noonday sun. Jim closed his eyes against the brightness and as Evy led him slowly to the loading ramp he clutched her hands behind Evy, and a dark haired stewardess showed them their seats.

"I just can't stand the suspense any more," Jim said to Evy fastening his seat belt. "Not to know what's wrong is worse than knowing. If I'm going blind, I want to know it. I can't live in the dark like this."

As suddenly as Evy pressed his hand in hers and pulled his head down on her shoulder, Jim realized what he'd said. "I can't live in the dark like this."

Jim lay back, his eye hurting, knowing he wouldn't be able to rest until he faced the London specialist and heard the terrifying diagnosis that he knew he would hear—that he was going blind in his right eye.

The next morning, at the eye doctor's office in the fashionable Mayfair section of London, Jim blacked out.

Evy waited for Jim in the outer pine-paneled room while the specialist performed his slow, but thorough examination. When the tall, gaunt doctor took a specimen of his eye fluid, Jim grimaced. There was a dizziness, a whirling in his head. Every thing seemed as if it were going to fall on top of him, and suddenly there was pitch blackness and he fainted.

When Jim came to, he saw the doctor standing over him with a vial of spirits of ammonia. Jim apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "But my eye hurts so much that I lose my bearing."

"Why don't you rest for a minute?" the doctor suggested and pointed to the black leather couch against the white wall. Jim walked over to the couch, lay on it, and the doctor began asking him questions.

"Was there any blindness in his family? Had he previously suffered from any eye ailments, any damage to the eye? How long had he felt the pain—the head aches, the dizziness?"

Jim told the truth. There had never been any blindness in his family—none that he knew of. Nor had he ever suffered from eye trouble. But the pain in his eye had persisted since he arrived in Greece to shoot the picture.

The doctor finally asked Jim to return the following morning for further examination.

That night, as they ate in one of London's Italian restaurants, Evy said, "You can't be-

lieve this is the end of everything for you, Jim. Your career won't end just because of this. Your fans wouldn't desert you because of this. They're so loyal."

"I don't know what to say anymore," Jim told her, his voice low and uneven. "The suspense is killing me. The doctor just has to tell me the news tomorrow."

They ordered espresso coffee, then walked for a while through the rambling streets of Soho, the Greenwich Village of London, where beatnik artists wandered along the narrow sidewalks.

At ten o'clock, they hailed a taxi and headed for home.

That night Jim collapsed into bed. Tired from all the traveling from his restless tossing all through the night, from his heart-breaking anguish all through the day, he thought he would never get to sleep. He awoke the next morning refreshed, but suddenly the sharp pricks of pain stabbed at his eye, and his spirits fell.

Evy made a light breakfast of toast and tea and they taxied to the doctor's office in Mayfair.

The doctor examined Jim's eye for over three hours. Then he sat down at his desk and looked seriously at Jim.

"There's a raw inflammation in your eye," he said. "I can't understand what's causing it. The white of your eye is swelling terribly. It's like a blister over the iris. Has anyone thrown acid or any kind of poisonous liquid at you?"

Jim gulped, then whispered, "No. You have a strange and unusual swelling (the doctor continued) If it persists it may destroy your eye."

Jim choked on the doctor's words. He had heard them now—he wasn't dreaming or imagining. He tightened his fingers into fists and tried to keep control of himself.

"What's what's causing it?" he asked the doctor.

"This is what we must find out," the doctor said as he fiddled with the eyeglasses that sat on the middle of his nose. "Has anything happened to you that could have injured your eye? Did you go swimming, perhaps in contaminated water?"

Jim shook his head no.

"What about your movie work? Has any-



Jim smiles in this picture, but powder escaping from the gun almost blinded him.

thing happened to you on location that could have affected your eye?"

Jim paused. "We've had some rough workouts at sea," he said "but all the other actors and the crew were there, and nothing happened to them."

"Did you fire any weapons on location?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"The big Bren gun."

"For how long?"

"I don't really know. For days, I guess."

"Ten or twelve days?" the doctor asked.

"Easily," Jim answered.

Quickly the doctor rose from his chair, walked toward Jim, leaned over and examined his eye again.

"While you were firing the Bren gun, do you remember anything bothering you?"

"Well, Jim began, we had to retake the firing scenes over and over again. Every time I fired the gun, the gunpowder would shoot out from the escape chamber. It made me blink. But after I blinked my eyes a couple of times, I was okay and I'd start firing again."

"And you fired the Bren gun for over a week, almost two weeks?"

"At least," Jim blurted.

"No wonder," the doctor sighed. He looked at Jim's eye through a dark instrument.

The gunpowder has infected the white of your eye. It's eating away at the iris and this is why you've felt such excruciating pain. I'm going to prescribe some very strong eye drops which you must use every hour for the next week."

There was a question on Jim's lips; he couldn't hold it back. He interrupted the doctor. "Is... is there any chance... of my being blind?"

The doctor paused, looked at Jim and said, "Once we wipe out the infection, I think your eye should return to normal. I don't know for certain. We'll see."

For a minute Jim sat on the black leather couch, stunned and speechless. Suddenly hot, burning tears came to his eyes, and he shuddered from the sweet joy that trembled through his being. He wasn't going blind. There was hope.

He closed his eyes, the tears running down his cheeks, and he thanked God for answering his prayers.

Then, his voice quavering he asked, "May I... may I go out to the waiting room to tell my wife the news?"

He jumped up, the tears running down his cheeks, and he threw open the door to the waiting room and rushed to Evy.

"Honey, honey," he cried, "the doctor says I have a chance!" And he pulled her up from the wooden chair where she sat twisting a handkerchief and held her tight, nearly bursting from the happiness inside him.

"Thank you, dear God," he heard Evy whisper. Jim stood still, his arm around her waist and he looked directly into her dark brown eyes and smiled.

"I don't know what I'd have done without you, Evy," he said. "Knowing you were there, by my side, caring... made all the difference in the world. With you beside me I think I can face anything."

—BY GEORGE CHRISTY

Jimmy Darren is in Columbia's *Guns Of Navarone*.

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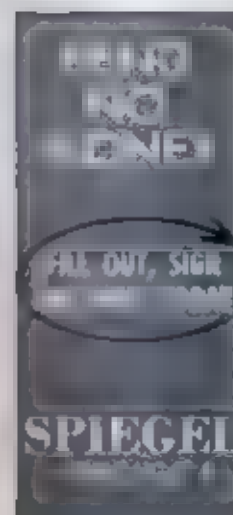
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PRIVATE WIRE

HOT GOSSIP--RIGHT OFF THE LINE!

It's all been very hush-hush, but the studio is worried that the Elvis Presley-Juliet Prowse torrid twosome has gotten out of hand. The hi-jinks that go on between long-legged Juliet and shaky-legged Elvis in her dressing room on the set of *G.I. Blues* have had the whole town talking. Funny thing is that it all started because Juliet is not a gal to dodge an issue. She'd been dating Frank Sinatra for some time and then the spunky Miss came right out and asked Frank what his intentions were. When he hemmed and hawed and said he wasn't ready to think of marriage yet, Juliet told him to roam. Since then, Frank has been calling and gifting her daily with flowers and sparkling trinkets. So far Juliet hasn't budged from her position of "all or nothing at all." Meanwhile, there's always Presley to keep her company. So far, El's intentions haven't been declared.

Hollywood's trying to remain calm, but it has the leaping jitters in private over the Sammy Davis, Jr.-May Britt marriage. And there is a good reason.

One of Sammy's outspoken pledges in the past has been that he has always been proud to be a Negro and that he would never do or say anything to jeopardize his position as a man who could do a great deal to improve racial relations and help eliminate prejudices. Unfortunately, according to one source, we hear that Davis vowed in private he would "never again marry a girl of my own race." If that is true he has not only shown serious symptoms of racial prejudice, himself, but against his own race at that!

Secondly, he reportedly has forbidden May to discuss their relationship even with her own friends. From a man who has always liked to be known as a believer in the rights of the individual, it is ironic that Sammy would secretly forbid the woman he loves the privilege of speaking her mind.

Nick Adams is vigorously denying reports that he and his wife Carol are having a rash of those marital problems.

"Not on your life," says Nick. "Carol has brought me nothing but good luck. We live in a round house and I look out at the world at any time and the birds sing right back at me and my family."

But, Nick, it was one of those little birds who told us you and Carol were having quarrels!

We keep getting told that Kim Novak has taken a sudden liking for buttermilk baths. Supposed to be good for the complexion. But how do you get twenty gallons of buttermilk into the bathroom? .. Natalie Wood and Judi Meredith won't be exchanging Christmas cards this year or any other. They cut each other dead at the same parties...The grapevine also insists the newly married Russ Tamblyn cut out after only a week of wedded bliss because Diane Varsi got back to town.... Asa Maynor keeps saying she's not going to see Edd Byrnes anymore, but she keeps seeing him. Cheryl Crane has not only embarrassed her mother, Lana Turner, with her overnight trips from the state's girl school, but she is also costing Mom a fortune. Lana pays \$1,034 a month for Cheryl's keep at the institution. And if Cheryl goes out the door again, a Los Angeles Juvenile Court judge says she'll be put in reform school for free.

They said it would never happen, but the situation between Toscy Sands and Nancy Sinatra is not quite as lovely-dovey as it was a few weeks ago. Somehow, even at (Please turn to page 24)

New! Now more than ever

Kotex is confidence

Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering.

These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit.

And the Kinson center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.

2,000 miles from Hollywood, Tommy has discovered that Hollywood wolves are making a big pitch for his fiancée. Tommy doesn't like it. He'd like it even less if he knew that Nancy doesn't hang up promptly when the wolf calls come in. But don't despair. Some folks are predicting an August wedding.

Kim Novak, again, was recently quoted in a well-read Hollywood column as saying that, "The public has created a false image of the glamour queen."

"That may be," Kirk Douglas is reported to have chuckled, "but from the way I see it, a glamour queen named Kim has created a false image of the public." Kim and Kirk never did get on well together.

When James Garner discovered that while his bosses at Warner Bros. were supposedly considering his requests for an increase in his take-home pay they actually were making arrangements for English actor Roger Moore to step into his place in *Maverick*, he blew his top and stalked out, proclaiming he would not return now under any conditions. As of this writing it's all-out war — Garner vs. the brothers Warner. Looks like Jim might have the last laugh. Moore balked at the assignment, so Warners suspended him. One good thing has come out of this whole caper — it has brought Jim and his wife, Lois, close together again and that's worth more than all the take-home pay.

Stephen Boyd's gay bachelor days might be over, and what a shock this will be for all of Steve's girls. When he visited his family in Belfast, his mother was surprised at the amount of weight he'd lost and blamed it all on the fact that he has no one to look after him in Hollywood. She's coming to the U.S.A. and will set up a real home for her son. Mama has also declared that she intends to find a sweet girl who will make a good wife for an Irishman.

If Anna Kashfi goes ahead with her announced plan of putting the bare facts about her tempestuous life with Marlon Brando between the pages of a book, Brando has his lawyers ready to pounce on her with a restraining order which will prevent any publisher from taking the tome. In addition to keeping tabs on Anna's literary efforts, Marlon has been busy making beautiful music with Rita Linn. They literally do make music. She plays bass to his bongo drums and that's a combo you've got to hear to believe. This is the first time he's dated a professional musician and some of his pals think he might like to keep time with Rita for life.

Now that Myrna Loy is free, isn't she unhappy over reports that Lauren Bacall and Monty Clift have been spotted holding hands? ...Isn't Jayne Mansfield expecting a visit from the stork in December?...And hasn't the stork also scheduled a stop at the Millie Perkins-Dean Stockwell pad?...Wasn't Gary Cooper's last operation of a much more serious nature than reported and aren't his medics concerned about his slow recovery?

June Blair and Brian Kelly have cut out in opposite directions after a long but unsuccessful go at togetherness. June is dating TV's new *Klondike* hero, tall, dark and sexy Ralph Taeger. Just wait until you get a look at this tiger Taeger. And his voice is so much like the late Humphrey Bogart's, it's almost unbelievable.

Anita Ekberg, the Swedish beauty, must still be toting a torch for her ex-husband, Anthony Steele, or why would she continue to pay off his old debts as well as pick up the tabs for some of his current extravagances? The blonde Sexberg explains it by pointing out that dear Tony is always so forgetful about money matters. We might add that he's also forgetful about matters concerning Anita. What manner of man is that, we ask?

Edd Byrnes, another Warner holdout who learned the hard way that no one is ever indispensable, is making the most of being back on the payroll. He's going full steam ahead redecorating his Coldwater Canyon house.

The Troy Donahue story is getting might tricky to handle. Hollywood wants to see him make it, but he does cause complications and makes it difficult for his boosters. Troy's weakness is girls, lots of them. It's nothing new. Back in his leaner days at Warner Bros., Troy's romantic antics with young extra girls and pretty stenographers earned him the nickname of *The Demon*. The sticky bit of the moment is the way Troy toys with Nan Morris, his one-time steady, who isn't having an easy time forgetting her now-famous boyfriend. Troy still calls Nan when he's in the mood, but Judi Meridith, who once dated *The Demon* and is a good friend of Nan's, says he shouldn't oughta take Nan for granted. But whatever it is, Troy has got it. He turns that "sex stare" on the girls and their eyes flutter and their hearts go pitter-patter.

Another lad trying desperately to be a ladies' man is Fabian. He was out to the heart when told that Tuesday Weld had said: "Why, Fabian is just a baby!" At last report Fabe was picking up pointers on how to woo a lady from Bobby Darin — who is really a man with the girls.

In spite of their divorce, Lucille Ball has been keeping close tabs on Desi, even to calling him in the morning to remind him about his pills before breakfast.

Desi, who recently went to the hospital for a checkup, was found to be suffering from nervous exhaustion. He was warned to ease up or he'd be back for more than just a checkup. First thing he had to do was curb his temper, and he's making good progress.

"EDDIE AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A BABY!"



"More than anything in the world, Liz and I want a baby. And with the grace of God, we shall have one..."

This is Eddie Fisher speaking, coming out of the shell he and Elizabeth Taylor had curled into after their marriage.

Eddie readily granted that their union had caused a great deal to be written about him and Liz—although very few of the items and stories had come directly from either of them.

Eddie cited as an example the recent magazine cover story, "Is Liz Afraid to Have a Baby With Eddie?" Now, there was a story that hit rock bottom as far as Eddie and Liz are concerned.

"It was nothing but a vicious, inaccurate and stupid story," Eddie said, his face beet-red. "It made me want to vomit, it was so guppy. Even the writer was so ashamed of it that he or she, whoever it was, [Please turn the page]



"EDDIE AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A BABY!"

continued

wouldn't sign it. That's proof enough for me that whoever did write it, wouldn't want to be even remotely associated with the story.

"How can anyone accuse Liz of being afraid to have a baby—after she's been a mother not once, not twice, but three times!

"And if the story was trying to intimate, as I strongly suspect it was, that there was anything wrong with me—well, let me tell you that I, too, am a father. So, why shouldn't we face the future. Liz and I, together, with absolutely no fear about having children."

The interview took place at the Production Center on West 26th Street in New York City, where Liz and Eddie were shooting scenes for their new MGM movie, *Butterfield 8*.

Liz was holding Eddie's arm as Eddie spoke up angrily against the publication of the story about him and his beautiful wife.

Liz was radiant and extremely chic in a black sheath dress with a low, low neckline, a fabulous choker necklace and high-heeled black pumps.

They'd just stepped out of a limousine that brought them to the studio from their Park Avenue apartment, where she and Eddie were staying during the picture making. Most of the film was being shot up in the Bronx, in the Gold Medal Studios, but a few scenes had to be taken downtown. And they were there this day for that reason.

"I just want you to ask Liz—ask her if she's afraid," Eddie challenged, still flushing anger.

Looking at Liz, Eddie said, "Come on, sweetheart, tell your side. Unburden your mind. You've got some strong feelings about these lies being printed about us."

Liz looked askance, meditating for a moment. Then she turned and smiled and said:

"I've never been afraid of motherhood—not yesterday, not today, not tomorrow. When Eddie and I are ready to have our baby, we shall go ahead and have it with no fear whatsoever. Just so long as God wills it, Eddie and I will have a child someday—and we hope it'll be someday soon."

Any particular target date?

"No," Liz replied. "I've still got to go abroad to

make *Cleopatra*. Probably when that's over with then I can retire from pictures for good and devote my full time to being a mother and housewife.

"My family life is more important to me than my career."

"How many Hollywood marriages do you know of where the wife is an actress and the marriage still works?"

Liz was reminded that she had retired once before—after her marriage to Michael Todd, whom she bore a daughter, Liza, now 5.

"I had to have some activity to get Mike's death off my mind," Liz said. "I just couldn't sit around the house all day and mourn him. There's a limit to everything, and life must go on. I found the only way I could carry on was to get back to the studio—and find happiness in a new marriage, with Eddie."

That brought up the question of how happy Liz and Eddie were together.

"As happy as a happily married couple can be," responded Liz with a lift in her voice as she snuggled up to Eddie and pecked him on the cheek. It left a trace of pink, but Eddie didn't mind.

"We're going on our fourteenth month of marriage," Liz continued. "They said it wouldn't last—but here we are. And we're going to keep on going."

Eddie interrupted to say: "Of course, it hasn't been all smooth sailing. We've had some typical and usual problems that confront any young newlyweds—like getting 7,000 threatening letters a week, like receiving voodoo dolls in the mail, and notes from different chapters of the Ku Klux Klan. And, of course, stories printed about us like the one about Liz being afraid to have a baby..."

Liz puckered her lips and blew a kiss to Eddie as he spoke.

Eddie stopped talking and looked at Liz with a quizzical expression.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, honey," Liz told Eddie, "but I was hoping you'd mention that we don't get letters from sane people anymore."

This tete-a-tete between Liz and Eddie gave rise to the next question: "What explanation do you have for all the adverse publicity about your marriage?"

[Please turn to page 69]

Everyone searching for

THE SECRET FACE OF TUESDAY WELD...

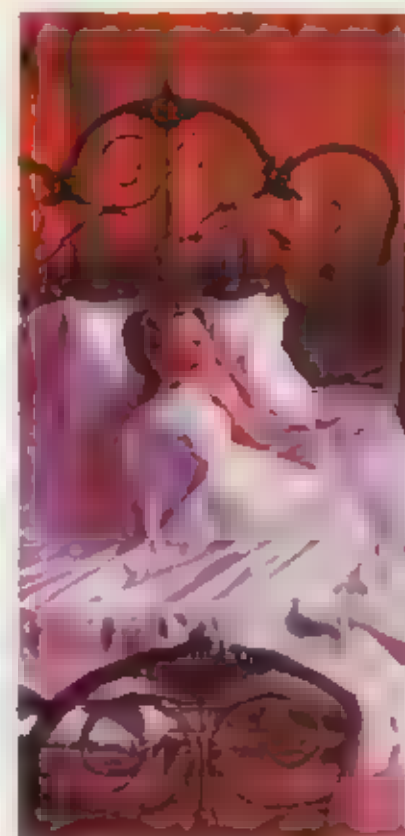


"There are so many different me's I can't say what I am. When I walk away from the mirror, I can't even remember what I look like. . ."

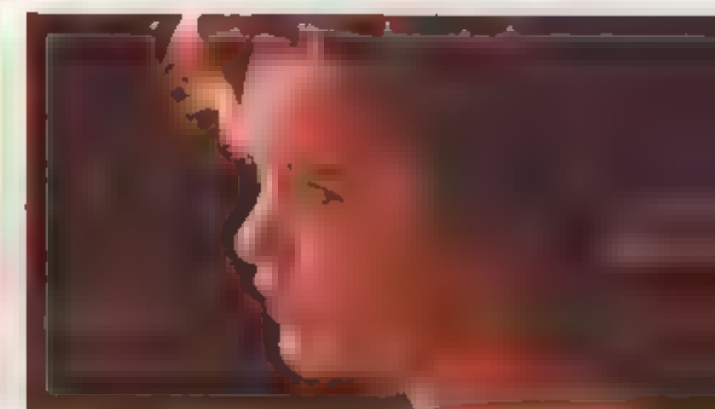
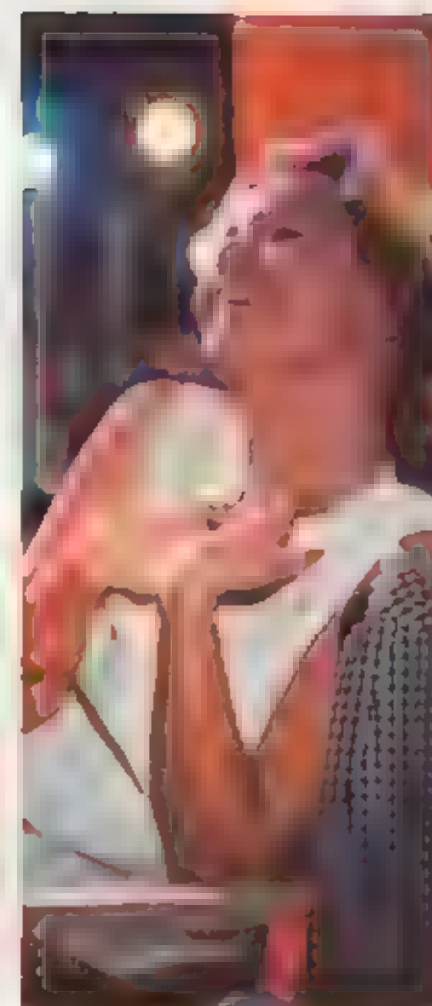
The night before last it rained, and I think that's what depressed me. Maybe it wasn't the rain. Maybe I was depressed because I went to bed early, and thought I was depressed on account of the rain because it was raining when I woke up. I'd gone to bed at 9:30, and that didn't seem right at all. Anyway, the reason I decided to go to bed early was that I didn't have anything to do, and I didn't feel like doing anything I could have done. I'd worked hard all day on *High Time* at 20th Century-Fox, and I was very tired.

When I got home, I took a two hour shower to get off all the make-up and everything. Then I went upstairs to get something to eat. I didn't feel like eating, but I didn't want to wake up hungry in the middle of the night and then have to go upstairs. I like chopped liver very much. I ate a whole jar of it, and I kept nibbling at a bowl of red radishes.

I didn't enjoy it, but since I wasn't hungry I didn't mind not enjoying it. Eating red radishes is like eating peanuts. You start eating peanuts and you keep on eating them. You never know why. I still think having that snack is what prevented me from [Please turn to page 75]



Photos by Frank Rex-Globe



"Once a lovely day is gone, it can never happen again. . ."

Why are beautiful moments in such a hurry to leave?"



two men
are fighting
for...

THE HIDDEN HEART OF TUESDAY WELD.

*Dick Beymer thought
he'd found the heart that
Tuesday hides so well—
until that fateful night ...*

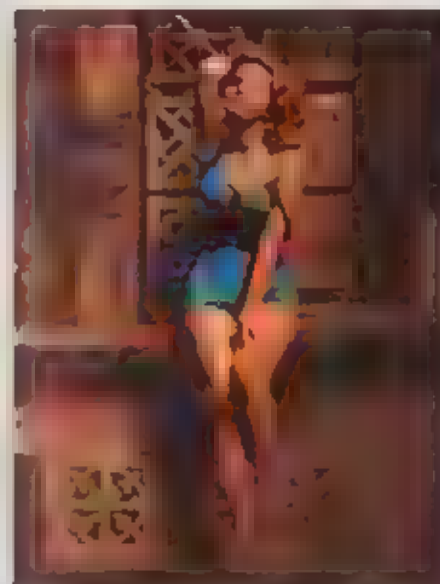
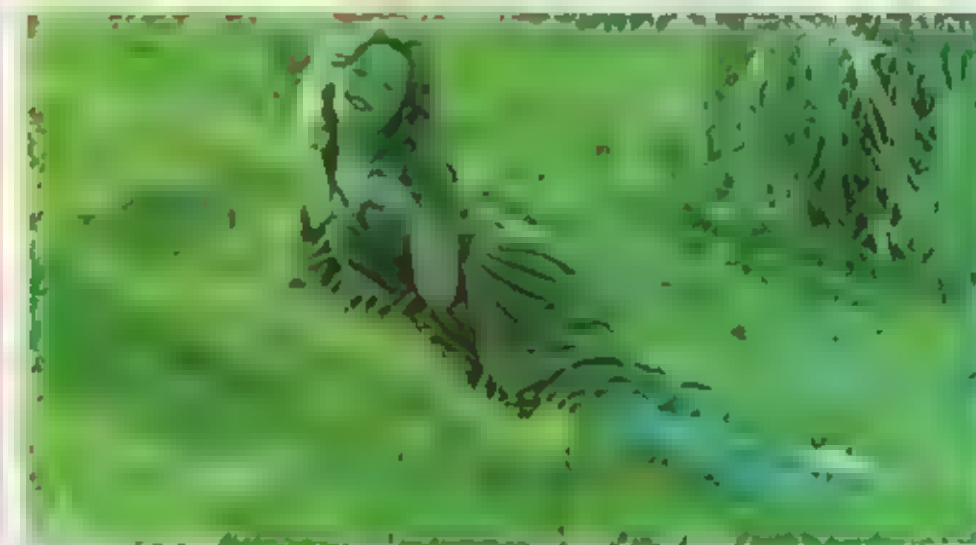
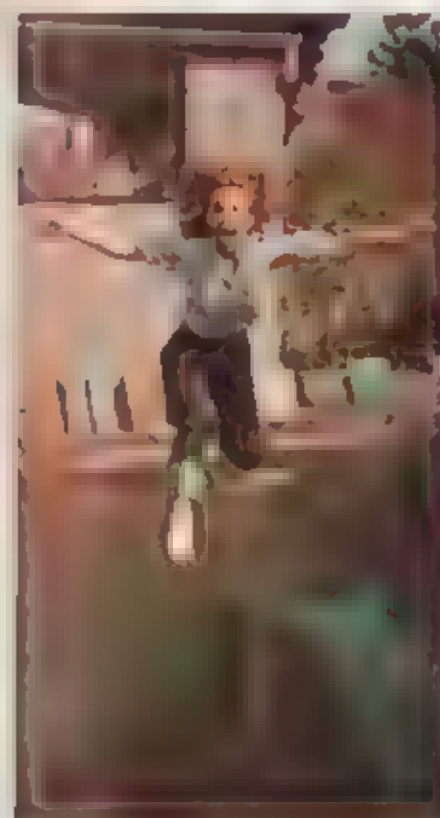
Elvis Presley and Tuesday
Weld? What a pair! It
was too much!

At first no one would believe
it was true. For one thing, didn't
winsome Molly Bee already
have the blessings of El's father?
For another thing, wasn't Tues-
day's heart already given to an
other—Richard Beymer?

But—it wasn't hard to picture
Tuesday and Elvis together.
They matched up so vividly that
the image was almost too good
to be true. It was perfection
itself—the union of Hollywood's
two most exciting sex symbols.

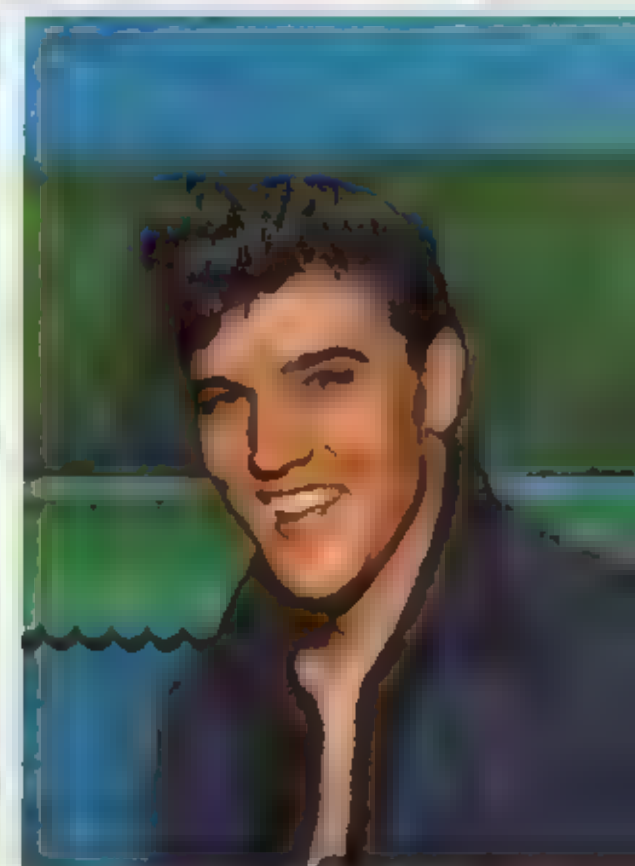
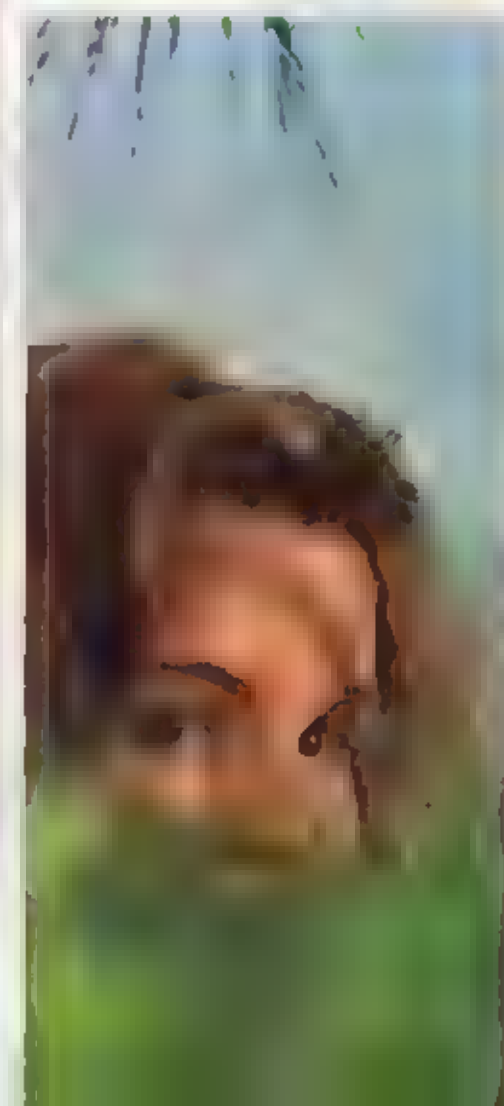
The idea of pairing Elvis and
Tuesday has been intriguing
quite a few people for a couple
of years—including Elvis and
Tuesday themselves. Each had
heard and read so much about
the other.

As it turned out, the role of
Cupid was to fall to Nan Morris,
a charming Miss Fixit who
dated Troy Donahue for almost
two years and who is the some-
time roommate and stand-in of
the sometime tempestuous Judi
Meredith, a staunch friend and
champion of Tuesday. Nan had
met Elvis by chance several
years. [Please turn to page 77]



Photos of Tuesday by Frank Bez—Globe

Also by Bez: Rob Williams, Lillian



*... then along came Elvis.
and things began to happen!*

the marriage

France Nuyen is the new love in Marlon's life. Like all the others, she, too, desperately needs his help. But—is that enough to make love last?



marlon brando

won't talk about

As of this writing, it still isn't known if Marlon Brando and France Nuyen are married. They could have been married in California any time after April 22, when Anna Kashfi's divorce from Marlon became final. But nobody knows, because neither Marlon nor France will talk about their marriage. But—the real question is not whether they are already married or about to marry. The important thing is whether a marriage of such explosive personalities could possibly last.

At first glance, it would seem that Marlon Brando is type-casting his romances, and that France Nuyen is merely the latest in a long list of exotic-type girls he finds irresistible.

But don't be fooled. She has everything he wants, and more.

She's a true Eurasian, petite, graceful, fiery, moody, brilliant, determined, artistic, talented, intense, religious, and a one-man woman.

She and Marlon fit each other like a lock and key.

But, to understand their well-camouflaged romance, you have to start from the beginning. They met in Hollywood, when she was making the movie, *Of Love And War*, but their courtship didn't really get under way until Marlon's marriage to Anna Kashfi was on the rocks.

He was glad to film *The Fugitive Kind* in New York, so he could see France, who was then starring in the Broadway play, *The World Of Suzie Wong*. When he had to go back to Hollywood, to continue work on *One-Eyed Jacks*, he would often fly to New York to visit her for a weekend.

As with all his romances, Marlon was furtive, out of sight. He would phone France at the theater, backstage, using a false name or disguised voice, or he would phone her at the office of her personal manager, Candy Jones. Sometimes he would disguise his voice, but most of the time the girls answering the phone would have no trouble recognizing his voice.

He would take France driving, wearing dark glasses, and she would sit next to him, bundled up to hide her face. Sometimes he would take her to the Gold Coin Chinese restaurant, on New York's Second Avenue, or to an art movie theater to see foreign films.

But most of the time, they would stay in her apartment. She cooked. [Please turn to page 79]



CONDEMNED

Twenty-three years ago, in the spring of 1937, Lana Turner sat on a stool at a soda fountain across the street from Hollywood High School and sipped a frothy chocolate malted milk that had cost her a hard-to-come-by dime. She was a half-orphan, daughter of a beauty operator and a father who had been murdered when she was a child. She was 17 and didn't have to worry about a figure that couldn't be hidden even by the sloppy Joe sweater and shapeless skirt. And she was beautiful. Her features were angelic and symmetrical and there was a bit of wisdom in her eyes, along with a baby stare that went with a pout that was to become famous throughout the world.

A man named W. R. Wilkerson, publisher of a small movie trade newspaper with offices down the street, came in for a cup of coffee. He took a seat some distance away and drank the coffee and looked at the girl. The publisher put some change on the counter and walked over to the girl, took a card from his pocket and handed the girl a card.

"If you'd ever like to have a screen test," he said, "have your mother give me a call." And he walked out.

Lana Turner stared at the card and gulped down the rest of her malt. She ran most of the way home. Her mother called the man. Mervyn LeRoy, the director, gave her a walk-on in a picture called *They Won't Forget*. And in 40 seconds on the screen a star was born. A star who has lasted to date 23 years.

Just a few weeks ago, [Please turn to page 66]



THE TRUTH ABOUT FRANKIE AVALON AND THOSE 2 A.M. DATES



Look, I mean—there you are—and Frankie Avalon asks you out after the show. So it's around 2:00 a.m. So what? Is it a crime, or something?

Because that's the way it happens. Does it make him fast, because 2:00 a.m. is the only time he has to really be with a girl? Does it mean the girl has to be bad or something, just because she wants to go with him?

Lots of girls have stayed after the show, just to be with Frankie a little while. They really got it when they got home, too. I don't have to tell you that. Just like you or I probably would, too.

But first, let me tell you how Frankie is today. How he really is.

Mainly, he is sort of fast. And I'm not the only one who thinks so. He even admits it himself. And he's fresh, too. Not bad-fresh. Just fresh. So a girl notices, but doesn't mind too much.

The reason I got to talk to him was because it was a magazine interview. We were sitting in a jazzy place called Danny's Hideaway in New York, and Frankie was in a real good mood. He kept saying sort of fresh things and there was this girl Joyce with him, his publicity agent, and she kept saying, "Oh, Frankie, you shouldn't say that!" all the time. We were just getting started and all of a sudden these three old biddies (35, at least) came over to the table—and they

just stood there beaming and staring down at Frankie like he was made of solid gold or something, and asking him how he was. He got kind of squirmy, because they kept staring and beaming at him. But finally they went away and he got cute and fresh again.

First of all, I don't know about you, but I've always had this thing about Frankie Avalon. He just sort of gets me, and there's absolutely nothing I can do about it. The trouble is, he's not that good looking, either, and he's really quite short for a boy, but there's this something about him. The smooth way he moves, and the deep kind of way he looks at you.

He told me a lot of people find it hard to under-

stand him and one girl even told him recently that he was pretty strange. So I just said that's true, and then he started telling me about his dates.

When he was in Washington, for instance, doing his first night-club act, Annette and her girl friend and her mother came to see him. Frankie got them a ring-side table and they sat straight through two shows. Then Annette's mother got tired and said she was going back to the hotel. But before she left she said, "Frankie, you'll take care of my daughter, won't you? And you'll get her home early?"

Frankie promised he would and Mrs. Funicello left. Annette and her girl [Please turn to page 70]

Says Brandon: "She's always the proper lady, the kind of girl who makes a guy feel as if he has to earn a kiss. I was crazy about her so I worked for kisses . . . but she dumped me anyway." Timmy says: "I took her to a show one night. The play was loaded with tender moments, so I reached over and put my hand on Carol's. You know what? She was so busy watching the stage, she never knew I was holding her hand."



Will Carol Lynley Ever Say

YES?

Here's what happened when two boys—Brandon De Wilde and Timmy Everett—tried to find out

"**S**he doesn't know what love's about!" Timmy Everett wasn't being bitter. He wasn't shouting his anger into the wind. He was just remembering how it had been between him and Carol Lynley.

"Love has to grow. Two people have to learn to share the joys and the sorrows that come to them. Carol isn't capable of sharing right now."

Timmy tried desperately to share sweet moments with Carol. She didn't want to—there were other things more important to her at the moment. Timmy is 21. Carol is 18. But there's a whole world of difference separating those three years.

Timmy recalls their dates with fond affection. The young actor can almost taste them, they are that close to him.

"You call for her and you're always in for a treat. She dresses to please. I particularly like a simple black dress that she wore to the theater. She wore a single strand of pearls with it, and she looked as lovely as any goddess could have looked. Everybody stared at her. Yes, she's that pretty!"

His eyes took on a glow as he told about their theater entrance. She made him feel like the most important man in the world. The show was *Loss of Roses*.

"The play had a lot of tender moments. Halfway through, I put my hand on Carol's but she hardly knew it was there, she was so wrapped up in what was happening on stage."

"After the show, we went to Sardi's and all eyes were on her. [Please turn to page 74]



THE HOUSE THAT WAITS FOR LOVE.....



It's a dream-come-true-house. It's a beautiful house, artfully situated on a lofty perch midway up a canyon in Bel Air, a very, very exclusive section of Los Angeles. Tacked to a post at the bottom of the driveway that winds up the canyon to the front of the two-story, ultra-modern house, is a sign. The sign says: Quine Residence. But Mr Quine does not live in the house. Nobody lives in this beautiful dream house. It's empty.

The house was built especially for the Quine-directed film, *Strangers When We Meet*. The film, which stars Kim Novak, concerns an architect, the house he builds and the woman he loves. The house, which cost \$250,000, was actually paid for by Columbia Studios. When people began to wonder why the studio would build a \$250,000 house for a film when they could easily borrow or rent one at half the cost, the secret came out. At the film's end, the house was to be the studio's present to Quine—and his bride-to-be—Kim Novak. It was to be their honeymoon house. And when it was reported that Kim had helped decorate the house and that the bedroom was done in her favorite shade of lavender, everyone insisted that the wedding was only days away.

Today, the film is finished. The house is finished—and furnished. But there's been no wedding. The house stands empty—still waiting for the [Please turn to page 81]



...AND THE LOVERS WHO ARE AFRAID TO ENTER



A PRINCESS CRIES, TOO!



Three-year-old Princess Caroline called again from the nursery, as her parents were going down to dinner Prince Rainier shook his head firmly

"We mustn't give in to her every time she calls us," he said to Princess Grace "It is a lesson she has to learn"

But Grace smiled gently and said, "Please go to her, once more. I know how a little girl feels when she needs to be reassured that her father is still there"

She waited outside the nursery while Rainier entered the pretty, white room. Soon he came out again, and together they went down to their private dining room. As they walked through the wide halls of the huge old palace, Grace thought fondly of the Kelly house on Henry Avenue in Philadelphia. She had been there less than a week before. But this great forbidding palace, more like an office building than a home, was her real home now. And she was very happy there

"Are you worrying about your father?" Prince Rainier asked. "But he is recovering so wonderfully now"

"Yes," said Grace, "thank God..." She was interrupted by her secretary, who met them as they entered the dining room, her face strangely pale

"Your Highness, please—I beg your pardon—please come to the telephone. It's Philadelphia calling"

Princess Grace rose silently from the table where she had just been seated. Rainier rushed to hold her arm, for the blood seemed to have drained from her face. Together they went into the study adjoining the dining room

She picked up the receiver. The Prince still held his hand gently on her shoulder. "Hello," she said softly. "Yes... hello, Mother, what—oh, God, oh dear God..." She sank into a big leather chair. The Prince knelt beside her, holding her free hand in both of his

"Did he suffer at the end, Mother?... Did he know?... Yes, yes, Mother, of course... I'll come as soon as I can... Yes... Good-by, dear Good-by"

Very gently, Rainier took the phone from her limp hand and placed it on the table. Grace did not raise her head. The late June sunset was darkening the room, and the last rays of light faded as they sat there quietly, without speaking. Rainier held his wife in his arms and she *[Please turn to page 85]*



No Grace Kelly
I was a phone call
that turned into a
nightmare—a
nightmare that
every daughter
must one day face
when she hears the
words "You
father is dead"

"TOMMY,
DARLING,

WHY ARE
THEY
SAYING
THOSE
UGLY
THINGS?"

The story of two lovers who suddenly found themselves trapped by the poisonous gas of gossip

Tommy Sands pulled his red Thunderbird carefully to the side of the road that curved along the top of the mountain overlooking Hollywood. He turned off the motor, leaned back and looked at the girl who sat beside him, the girl he intends to marry, Nancy Sinatra.

She smiled gently and snuggled against his shoulder. Together they gazed down at the glittering city.

"It's a big, beautiful magic carpet from up here, isn't it?" Tommy said softly.

Nancy nodded. "Yes, it is—from up here," she said, "but I know it's a different town when you're down there in it. It's a jungle where people spend their lives fighting for

[Please turn to page 85]

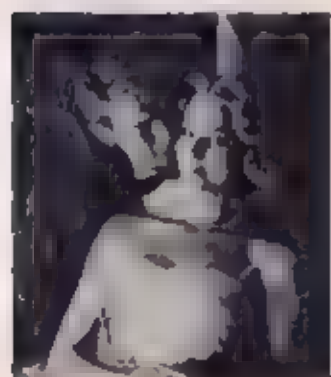
Photo by Sylvia Harris



THE SHOCKING STORY OF A GUY WHO PLAYS AT LOVE



NAN MORRIS



DIANE McBAIN



SUSAN KOHNER

On a cool October evening in 1957, Nan Morris sat with a girl friend in the Unicorn, a popular coffee house on the Sunset Strip. Nan's white-blond hair was pulled back in a French knot and her blue saucer eyes sparkled as she talked to her friend Pat. They were interrupted by a tall, blond, gangling youth who stopped at their table. He was dressed in a black tux, which seemed rather incongruous at a coffee house, and a pretty girl tagged behind him. Pat introduced him to Nan as Troy Donahue. They exchanged quick hellos and, a few seconds later, Troy was seated at another table with his date.

"I didn't pay much attention to him," Nan recalls. "He wasn't my type. He looked around eighteen, though he really was twenty-one. I thought he was too young for me."

About a week later, sitting at the same table with Pat, Nan looked up from her coffee and there stood Troy. A wisp of dirty blond hair fell over his forehead and a bulky, blue sweater matching his blue, blue eyes was thrown casually over his right shoulder. He asked if he could join them, then sat down and ordered another round of coffee. When they finished, Troy suggested they go someplace else for sandwiches. On the way to the restaurant, Troy had a flat tire. Since a garage was only a block away, Troy rolled the car down the hill and into the station. As it happened, Nan's apartment was nearby, so she suggested they go to her place for sandwiches while the tire was fixed.

Nan shared her [Please turn to page 62]



MARCIA ROGERS



ANGIE DICKENSON



CINDY ROBBINS

AND WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GIRLS HE PLAYS WITH



TROY DONAHUE



*If you think you
know the facts of life,
if you think
you know about
boys and dating
and Sex - you're
in for a surprise when
you read Debbie's
unique advice...*



There are a lot of teen-agers on our block, and they love to sit around and talk with me and ask questions. We watch Carrie and Todd swinging on the rubber tire hanging from the old tree in the yard, and these teen-agers, who were youngsters themselves a few years ago, ask me a lot of questions they won't ask their mothers. Their mothers don't mind this—they've told me so.

It's healthy to talk about growing up, and kids are more likely to relax and talk to someone they think of as more young than old. Often they're afraid to broach these subjects at home and their parents are just as afraid. The big problem with sex, as parents see it is, "Will they ask or should we tell them? How much do they know already? By telling them, aren't we just asking for trouble? Giving the whole thing too much emphasis?"

Many parents, I'm sure, don't tell their children enough. My parents be-

gan telling me about the facts of life when I was 8. My mother was always the kind of mother all my friends could talk to.

Dating to kiss or not to kiss, necking, marriage, this is what we talk about. One of the girls is newly married, at 15. Others are going steady. One very pretty girl with long blonde hair doesn't date at all, at 16, while her 14-year-old sister, well, the boys practically camp in the patio to be near Ann. There are never less than half a dozen bikes leaning against the fence. Ann is perfectly relaxed, she doesn't make any effort, you'd think she couldn't care less, and boys who as a rule seem absolutely tongue-tied, talk their heads off. This isn't easy for the older sister. She's kind of shy. She doesn't know what to say to boys. She'd much rather play with Carrie or the other little ones on the block, or get into a good game of baseball.

Just like me. (Please turn the page)

Don't make my mistake...

Kiss him but keep your eyes open!

at that age. I always preferred playing Kick-the-Can with the kids in the street rather than going to parties. I was never a glamorous girl or even pretty, but the only time I envied the glamorous was on the day of a big football game. Then I would wish I had a date. My mother would make my brother Bill take me. But he'd make me walk on the other side of the street and he wouldn't sit with me. I was not only square, I was two years younger.

Some of his boy friends would actually have dated me—I found that out later. They'd say, "D'ya think Frannie'd go to the game?" and Bill, much as he hated taking me, would say, "Heck, no. Why wouldja wanta date her?" When he told me, years later, I said, "Why didn't you let them ask me, anyhow?" And he just grinned. Now he doesn't think I'm so bad.

Ann's sister, who doesn't get asked, came to me the other day, her face bright pink. (Please turn to page 68)





Miss Bess
Sammy Davis Jr.

Can't they

What's the secret Watson?

Must marry

Mr. Davis and Sammy Davis Jr. go



Why shouldn't we be up in the Air!

WE HAVE FOUR DAUGHTERS...

To some young boys, following in the footsteps of a famous father might present a handicap. But to two little boys—one in Germany, the other in Italy—the fact that their father is Pat Boone matters little to them. You see, the important thing in their young lives is not the fact that their father is a world-wide celebrity. He is not someone they have to live up to. *He is someone they have to live for.*

The really big thing to Franz, 11, and Giuseppe, 7, the newest members of Pat Boone's bulging family, is that they have a father.

And to Pat, who has four darling little daughters, the important thing is that now he is also the father of two sons.

The story of how the two little boys acquired their famous father begins on a morning back in July, 1958, when Pat was going through his office mail in New York. As he opened one especially fat envelope and leafed hurriedly through its bulky contents, Pat's immediate impulse was to toss it into the wastebasket. But all at once his eye caught a picture of a pathetic little European refugee boy.

"Won't you adopt this little youngster?" the message under the photo pleaded. "He needs you as a father."

Pat studied the picture. In it he could visualize a million shadows of heartbreak hovering ominously over the small boy. It started him thinking and wondering. It made Pat realize suddenly as never before that there are children in this world who are so desperately underfed and underprivileged that they can never hope to survive the ravages of hunger and deprivation without help from the outside. Help from people in America—people from all walks of life. People like Pat.

"I put the picture of the little boy down on my desk," Pat told me when I ran into him during a rehearsal of his television show at the American Broadcasting Company studios in New York.

"I kept looking at the picture [Please turn the page]



AND...

Then we went on our second honeymoon...



Paris, ah Paris! If there's a better spot for a second honeymoon, I don't know about it.

of this little boy," Pat related. "He had a grimy face and wore tattered clothes. His sad eyes spoke a thousand pitiable words. They told of the desolate, bleak future that lay ahead for him and the hopelessness of his plight as a little member of a poverty-stricken family.

"I felt a pang in my heart when I thought about the many millions of youngsters throughout the world who share the same incredible tragedies of life with this young boy."

As Pat spoke, a lump filled his throat. He was exposing a heretofore unknown side of himself and opening to view a secret soft spot in his heart—an area as yielding as melting butter, pliable as putty, gentle as a zephyr, but above all, warm as a hearth.

"I kept the picture on my desk for days," the idol of the teen-agers continued. "I kept looking at it more and more and with growing interest and concern. Finally, I took it home to show my wife, Shirley."

Pat couldn't imagine what the reaction would be. After all, there were already four little Boones—Cherry, 5; Linda, 4; Debby, 3, and Laury, 2.

What could Pat expect Shirley to say when he'd present her with the proposition to adopt a ready-made little boy under the Foster Parents Plan?

Pat found out.

Shirley gazed at the picture of the youngster for a long moment. Then she breezed through the literature explaining how to adopt a little boy like the one in the photo as a foster child.

[Please turn to page 60]



This is no gag shot! Shirley and I worked up a great appetite while sight-seeing in Italy.



Here I'm making like a musclemen again (that Austrian air is great!)



AND...



Now we have.....

Finally, she turned to Pat.

"Let's adopt two of them!" Shirley fairly shouted.

Pat seconded the motion and the Boones wrote to the Foster Parents Plan, expressing willingness to adopt two little boys.

"It had to be boys," Pat said. "After all, we do have a houseful of girls and we'd always wanted a boy."

In effect, what this meant was that Pat and Shirley would contribute \$30 a month to the parents of the two destitute youngsters to help provide them and their families with adequate food, clothing, and other necessities.

Under the plan, the foster parents don't get physical custody of the children. They remain with their own parents in Europe or wherever else in the world they live. Most foster parents never even see the youngsters they help support.

But Pat and Shirley weren't satisfied to let matters stand like that. Not after they began receiving letters almost once a week from each of the boys—Franz Stelzner in Munich and Giuseppe Marcelli in Rome. The letters were warm and endearing. They told how much it meant to the youngsters to have the Boones, two people they'd never seen, as foster parents... and how already their lives were brightened by the help Pat and Shirley were sending.

Shirley answered every letter the boys wrote.

At Christmas, Pat and Shirley shipped special generous packages of food and clothing. Franz and Giuseppe wrote back and expressed their heartfelt thanks—and each sent a photo of himself.

"That was all I had to see," [Please turn to page 64]

Ever hear of a couple getting sons on a honeymoon? Well, meet the Boone BOYS! That's Franz with me at left, Shirl and Giuseppe at right. Now we Boones total eight. Hmmm, you know, one more and we could have a baseball team! How about it, Shirley?



TWO

SONS!



Troy Donahue

Continued from page 48

small, neat apartment with a roommate. And, who aspired to be an actress. When Nan, Pat and Troy walked into the apartment, it was like old home week for it turned out that Troy and Ann were old friends. Unfortunately, Troy couldn't stay long. He had just signed with Universal-International and was doing a small part in a picture. He had to be up early the next morning.

Nan had been going with someone else, so she was a bit surprised when Pat called three days later to ask her to double date with her. Troy had called and asked Pat if she thought Nan would be interested in going out with him. He'd also suggested Pat date his roommate.

"That night," Nan recalls, "we took a long ride out to the beach and stopped at an oceanfront restaurant for a bite.

"I found Troy very interesting and exceptionally bright. He told me how he had just gone under contract to U-I, after pounding the Hollywood pavements for two years and not getting any place. He had just finished a picture called *Wild Heritage* and had taken a small part in *The Perfect Furlough*.

"It was a pleasant evening, but I didn't think too seriously about Troy. I had learned from previous experience that you can't take young actors seriously, no matter what. They're not to be tangled with romantically. Most actors were too concerned with themselves and their careers to really have any interest in another human being. And I wanted someone to love me just as much as I wanted to love someone. So, Troy and I became good friends.

"Somehow, though, Troy began spending a great deal of time at my apartment. He was rather nice to have around, and I just presumed he liked our company. Troy was skinny as a toothpick—I guess bachelors never find time to cook for themselves—and he hated living in the Valley and having to go home to cook. So he ate with us a lot. At any rate, it was nice having him around.

"Then, one day, he didn't show up at the house. I was much too busy at my job to think much about it. But after the second and third day not seeing Troy, I began asking my roommate what happened to him. I guess that was the first time I realized I missed Troy. When he showed up the following day, I wanted to barrage him with a million questions, but decided not to say anything. If he wanted to tell me where he'd been, he would. He didn't! So I just left it at that!"

While Troy and Nan appeared to be just friends, it soon became obvious that a certain magnetism passed between them. But Nan still was convinced that she wasn't going to have anything to do with an actor. Heartbreak wasn't something she had planned for her future.

But some things just can't be planned. And when Nan told Troy one night she was going over to see Elvis Presley, with whom she is casually friendly, Troy looked at her with

hurt in his eyes, then offered Nan his car. Then she asked Troy to meet her at the Sea- witch afterward, where she'd return the car. Later, when Nan walked into the Sea- witch, she found Troy had been drinking. Suddenly, she felt awful. She hated seeing Troy like this. He kept making remarks about her and Elvis until Nan finally left and walked home, trying to sort out her feelings about Troy.

She had just gotten into bed when the doorbell rang. She slipped on her robe and glanced at the clock as she went to the front door. It was 3:00 a.m. She looked through the peep hole and there stood Troy, banging on the door, begging her to open it. Nan was frightened, but she opened the door. Troy rushed in and grabbed her, sat her down on the nearest couch, threw her over his knee and spanked her like a little girl. Nan didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Then Troy grabbed her to him and kissed her like she'd never been kissed before. "I love you, Nan," he said passionately.

His kiss shook her and thoughts were racing through her mind. Why fight it? she thought. Perhaps Troy would be different from most actors. Perhaps he really could give love. It seemed as though he desperately needed someone to love him. He didn't want to go out with a lot of girls. That was obvious, since he had been spending so much

MOTION PICTURE the magazine that cares!

time at Nan's house and never once had she seen him out with another girl. It began to look like she'd been hooked by the Donahue charm.

"Dating Troy was more fun than dating anyone I had ever known," Nan says. "He was bright and witty and he had the wonderful quality of making me feel as if I were the only girl in the world. He was sincere and honest and most obliging. Whatever I wanted to do, he went along with it. Of course, there were times when he had to have his own way. If I didn't go along with him, he didn't put up a fuss, but just walked out and went his merry old way."

Troy disliked any kind of quarreling at that particular point in his life. He was secure in the knowledge that he had a long-term contract—of course, with yearly options—at Universal, and it was also true that each successive role he was assigned to was bigger than the last. Then, suddenly, a three-month layoff period came and U-I just couldn't find anything for Troy. Somehow, he felt that at the end of the three months they wouldn't be picking up his option. As a result, Troy became insecure, overly emotional and easily upset. Also, his money had run out and suddenly he found himself all alone in the metropolis of Los Angeles with no one but Nan to cling to.

They had almost married six months after they started going together. Troy wanted Nan more than anything in the world, but she was afraid their marriage might harm his career. So they waited. And gradually, with Nan's help, Troy developed a confidence he had never had before. With Nan telling him how great he was, how handsome, how talented, he began believing for the first time that stardom was in his reach. But the going was rough. With no money

coming in from the studio and no parts available, Troy and Nan struggled through on canned beans and spaghetti. It would have been easy for them to separate and go their own ways and for each to buy a meal from friends, but they decided to stick together and help each other out. It was during this period that Nan also lost her job. Since it was summer, it was difficult to find employment, so they went to the beach each day, swam and surf boarded at Malibu and, in the evening, went back to Troy's apartment to open the can of beans they would share. While the going was rough, arguments and fights didn't even exist during this period of their relationship. Their only disagreements consisted of Troy insisting Nan sit in the sun by a pool because he wanted company. When she'd say she hated the sun, he'd pick her up and toss her into the pool, which would infuriate her beyond all infuriations!

Then, one day U-I called Troy back for a role in *Imitation Of Life*. He was petrified. He didn't know whether he could play the role, nor whether it would be good professionally for him to play the part of a young boy who beats up a girl because she is a Negro. He hadn't worked for a long time, but he thought the part too offensive. He talked the problem over with Nan and finally decided to tackle it. They had reached a point where Nan helped Troy with many of his decisions.

Shortly after he took the role, Nan began to see a change in Troy that all but baffled her. It was like watching a stranger whom she had never seen. Out walked Troy Donahue and in walked the young, mean, rotten character he played in the picture. For a while, Nan thought he was just getting his teeth into the role, which he was, but the days rolled into weeks and Troy's attitude toward Nan and their friends was something she couldn't bear. He would be gone for days and would never call her; several times, she found him at the beach with a new girl on his blanket. It was over as far as she was concerned. They didn't see each other for almost a month.

"I wondered what Troy was doing during that period," she admits, "but I guess I didn't have to wonder too much. I saw his name in the paper linked with Susan Kohner, the girl he beat up in *Imitation Of Life*. At the time, I resented any girl being with Troy, then I finally realized a girl like Susan could be a marvelous influence on his career. I reconciled myself to having lost Troy.

"Then, one day, as if nothing had happened, he showed up at my apartment. I wasn't home. My roommate told him I'd gone out driving with some girl friends. That made him mad. It was okay for him to run around and have fun, but I wasn't supposed to roam. He seemed not to realize that as far as I was concerned we had broken up a month ago.

"That night, he started driving all over town looking for me. He went to all our hangouts like the Chez Paulette and the Sea- witch and inquired about my whereabouts. Finally, as he was driving along Santa Monica Blvd., he noticed a familiar car in front of him. It was Judi Meredith's and there I sat with Tuesday Weld and Judi in the front seat. He motioned for Judi to pull over to the side, but I told her I didn't want to talk

to him and to keep on going—as she did. This infuriated Troy and he started chasing us and tried to force Judi's car off the road. This made Judi so mad that she started racing down the boulevard looking for a cop, but this didn't stop Troy either. He sped after us in his little black Porsche yelling at me to get out of the car, that I had no right to be out with Judi and Tuesday, they really weren't good friends of mine. This was all part of Troy's new character. Judi and Tuesday were two of our closest friends, but all of a sudden he was jealous of them. One of the reasons I loved Troy was because we liked so many of the same things, especially people. In fact, most of Troy's old girl friends became my best friends. But now Troy resented it.

He made so much commotion chasing us down Santa Monica Blvd. that I got scared and told Judi she'd better pull off the road, that I'd go see what was wrong with Troy.

"When I got into his car, he didn't say a word, but just turned around and took me back to my apartment. He was seething, but he said nothing. I was afraid to say anything, and I was perspiring from head to toe, so I went into the bathroom to wash my face. Troy followed behind me saying, 'Why did you leave me, Nan?' Before I knew what had happened, Troy let out a yell and with that the towel rack Troy had been hanging on broke, and he tumbled into the bathtub. I couldn't keep from laughing at the sight of all 8" of him lying in my small bathtub, the towel rack in his hands and water trickling down his face from the leaky water faucet. My laughter must have been contagious, for Troy broke out laughing also.

"That ended whatever was wrong between us. We got back together again as if nothing had ever happened, and Troy seemed more like his old self again. I was convinced that he had been under an emotional strain with the pressure from the studio and not knowing if this part would lead to anything better.

"That Christmas, Troy's mother came down from San Francisco to spend the holidays with him. It was nice having his mother around, and Troy and I didn't fight. Somehow, though, while everything seemed to be like it had been, I knew it really wasn't. I didn't want to kid myself, yet I knew I was."

Troy's small role in the picture, however, caused enough reaction for his agent, Henry Wilton, to get him a new contract with Warner Bros. No one can honestly blame Troy for the events that followed. Nan had wanted him to become a star and Warners set about making him one. Well versed in the art of publicity, they knew it was important for a young, eligible bachelor to be seen around town with a pretty girl on his arm—someone whom they could link his name with in the columns. They insisted he start dating other girls. Whether Nan was prepared for the new life she wanted Troy to really lead, only she can say.

"I really didn't care when Troy started dating girls like Susan Kohner, Sandra Dee, Diane McBain, Marcia Rogers, Angie Dickinson or Cindy Robbins. I knew I could have married Troy long before his new contract materialized, and I felt that if we really had love for each other, no one could come between us."

What she didn't realize was that this was all something very new to Troy. No man can resist beautiful girls thrown in his face—no matter how much he loves his girl.

At first when Troy would go out with other girls, Nan would stay home. She knew Troy would be back eventually and besides there was no one she was interested in dating. But after a while, Nan started dating several men in town. They meant nothing to her, but when Troy found out about it, he'd immediately drop whom-ever he was seeing and would be back at Nan's apartment begging for forgiveness and asking her never to see anyone again. One night, in fact, he came across Nan with actor Floyd Simmons. He became so enraged that he was ready to punch Floyd in the nose. After that episode, things ran smoothly for a while. Then, casually, as someone would turn on a light switch, Troy would be off on another adventure. The tension between Nan and Troy started to mount.

When Warner's insisted Troy take Diane McBain to the Deb Star Ball, not even Nan realized that her relationship with Troy was close to an end.

They quarreled violently several nights before his intended date. This time, Nan said, it was all over. Troy agreed. Their friends really didn't believe them. They had broken up before for a few days and gone back together again by the end of the week. Troy was then asked to escort Diane to several other functions, and columnists began touting the new twosome in town. Nan was beginning to doubt whether it was all publicity or whether Troy really was infatuated with someone else. He told her he still loved her and that she was the only girl for him. Troy had never lied to her before, why should he start now?

One night, after a heated argument the day before, she decided to go to Troy's apartment and apologize. Troy had always apologized before. He had been the one to come to her. Nan felt she should apologize this time. Several of the kids at Warner's had told her that Troy's dates with Diane were nothing more than publicity. When she reached his apartment, she started to knock on the door, then she heard muffled voices inside. She peaked through the window and there sat Diane and Troy on the front couch. Diane was making a pass at him, or so it seemed to Nan. She went into a rage and started pounding on the door for Troy to get Diane out of there.

How does a guy handle a situation like this? Troy swore to Nan it was nothing more than an innocent kiss, but to Nan the days of innocence were all over. Perhaps the kiss was innocent. Nan knows how affectionate Troy is and how much he enjoys being loved by everyone. But for Nan, there'd be no more believing of his stories. She raced away in her car, tears running down her cheeks.

Troy was bewildered. He almost hated the fact that he was now an important actor. He had sworn he'd never sacrifice a thing, but every day he was faced more and more with sacrifices.

As far as Nan was concerned, the situation seemed to be out of her hands. For the first time in her life she felt insecure. Had she been foolish enough to think that their love would be strong enough to survive? She had her doubts now—yet she knew Troy still

loved her. It was obvious to her that he did. Everytime she'd date someone and Troy thought he was really losing her, he came back in an instant. It was one week together and the next not speaking.

It was during this period that Nan met John Ireland. He was exciting and vibrant and he listened to her problems as if he were her father. John likes having young people around him and he'd often ask her out to dinner or lunch or to have some coffee at a place like Cyrano's. When Troy found out about it he was fit to be tied. And when he found out that John had invited Nan and three other friends to go to London with him—well, that was that! He'd marry Nan if he thought that was the only way to keep her. He definitely couldn't lose her. His career went into high gear. Nan began seeing less and less of Troy. One week it was a trip to Seattle, the next, a trip to New York. Public appearance tours were crucially important to help sell himself.

Nan began to realize it was time for her to make a new life. She knew the more successful a person gets the less home life he has.

Nan and Troy still managed to see each other, but something was wrong. She was still the one link to reality and stability, and it seemed as though he never wanted to lose that. However, there were new outside forces that kept telling Troy that Nan was no good for him—that he needed someone new. And when he began believing it, it was the end for Nan and Troy.

The days of reconciliation seem to be over as far as Nan is concerned. As for Troy, he's told many friends that it's no good to continue with something that can never be. He doesn't know when he'll be able to marry and it just isn't fair to keep Nan on the string. Yet, something within him refuses to let go. Recently, Nan was in the hospital recovering from slight surgery. When Troy found out about it, he sent her two dozen beautiful roses with a small card enclosed inscribed "To My Darlin' Nan—Love, Troy."

On the other hand, shortly after this, rumor has it that Troy went on location to Florida for the filming of his new TV series *Surfside Six* and asked a pretty young starlet to go along with him. When Nan found out about it, her last glimmer of hope faded. However, at the last minute the young starlet turned Troy down in favor of staying home and waiting for a screen test.

Nan refused to take Troy back when he said he loved her and asked her to go on location with him to Hartford, Connecticut where he was to film *Purish*. The latest report is that Troy is without his Nan, without anyone. His romantic escapades with girls like Susan Kohner, Sandra Dee, Diane McBain and all the other girls have only lasted a week or so and then he was back to Nan. There was always dependable Nan.

Now there's no longer the pretty blonde girl, who gave him confidence, love and friendship when he needed it most. There's no longer anyone. Troy has often said he could not survive without the love of a woman. He wanted the taste of stardom. Now he has it. Was the price too high to pay? Was the sacrifice too great? Or is Troy just another mixed-up guy who's destined to go through life playing at love? We sincerely hope not.—BY MAGGIE WILSON



Pat Boone

Continued from page 60

Pat recalled. "I took just one look at those faces and I said to Shirley that we'd have to put everything aside and make a trip over there to see them."

Last April, Pat and Shirley bundled off their four daughters to the tender arms of their Grandma Boone in Nashville, Tenn. Then they hopped a plane to the Continent.

"We'd decided to combine business with pleasure on the trip," Pat told me. "We wanted to make it a sort of second honeymoon, Shirley and I hadn't really had a honeymoon to speak of in our more than six years of marriage."

"Although we'd been to Jamaica in the British West Indies during February, we had brought our two older girls along—so that was more vacation than honeymoon."

The business part of the Boone's sojourn to Europe was concerned with providing Pat's regular Thursday night ABC variety show with programs originating in various European cities.

"So, even on this trip," Pat mused, "we weren't quite alone. We had the camera crews tagging along—at a respectable distance, of course."

Also making the trip was actor Arthur O'Connell, who had become one of Pat's closest friends since they filmed *April Love*.

The first stop was Paris, where Pat filmed two shows—*Paris By Day* and *Paris By Night*. From Paris, the Boones entrained for Salzburg, Austria—for a very special purpose.

"We sent word ahead to Munich to have Franz brought to Salzburg," Pat said. "Shirley and I were all pins and needles now. We were going to see little Franz at last."

When Pat and Shirley reached Salzburg, they put up in a hotel in the center of the city. No particular time had been set for the meeting with Franz, who was being brought from Munich by his mother, a widow, who lived in a refugee camp with the little boy and an older child, a girl.

"While we were waiting for word of their arrival," Pat said, "I ambled down to the lobby to kill time."

"Suddenly, my attention was drawn by a middle-aged woman walking through the entrance. She was holding a little boy by the hand."

"I didn't recognize the boy because he didn't look at all like the youngster in the picture we'd received home. But there was something about his face that sent signals to my brain telling me that was Franz."

"I just stood where I was, my eyes glued on the little boy. Pretty soon his eyes fell on me and settled there."

"After a long minute of staring he smiled, tugged the woman by the hand and led her to me."

"It was the smile of a shy little boy who seemed to want to say 'hello,' but was afraid he would not be doing the right thing."

"I knelt down and came face to face with the youngster. I looked into his big

brown eyes. They were sad eyes; they were eyes that wouldn't be influenced by his broad grin. Somehow they seemed to mirror a story of tragedy and hardship that the youngster had lived through."

"I put my hands gently on his shoulder and drew him close to me."

"'Are you my little boy, Franz?' I asked. 'His small lips, almost trembling, opened ever so slightly and he whispered in a thick German accent, 'ya.'"

"I grabbed him into my arms and hugged him tightly."

"His lips touched my cheek. I felt a warm kiss, then I heard him say, 'I love you...'"

"As I continued to hug him, I looked up at the woman—his mother. She was crying. And yours truly had a few man-sized tears of his own rolling down his cheeks."

Pat then took Franz by the hand and brought him upstairs to meet Shirley, who was waiting in the hotel suite.

"Shirley took Franz in her arms and kissed him as if he were her very own little son," Pat continued.

"He seemed a little shy in Shirley's arms. I couldn't figure out why at first. But later something happened that made me see why he might have been reticent about being hugged by a pretty young girl like Shirley."

"After all, Franz is a young man all of 11 going on 12!"

"Franz had been told that Shirley had four little girls back home and that each of them had sent their love to their 'big brother'."

"Franz seemed pleased with the fact that he had four 'sisters' in America, but his face grew serious all at once and he turned to his mother, saying: 'Mama, how is it that Frau Boone has four children and looks so young, and you have two children and look so old?'"

"Franz' mother smiled and answered that was the way God intended it to be. But the question embarrassed Shirley terribly and she didn't know what to say."

Pat found Franz a difficult little boy to understand at the beginning. He was a complete introvert and exhibited little enthusiasm for any of the plans Pat and Shirley had for him during their visit.

"We took him shopping, buying him clothes and toys," Pat said "yet he seemed unenthused by anything we did for him for the first few days."

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"But gradually, after he got to know us better, Franz began to warm up to us."

"We had taken a suite in the hotel next to ours for Franz and his mother, and at first he wouldn't venture away from there. We'd only see him when we'd go into his rooms."

"But the next day, he began taking more. Finally, we found to our delight that he'd wake up in the morning and rush into our suite with his arms outstretched to hug and kiss us."

"I made me feel all warm inside," Pat said. "Here was a kid who, except for the impersonal ties established by the Foster Parents Plan, was a complete stranger to us until we'd met him face to face a few days before. Yet now he was one of us—like our own son, so to speak."

"I began to wonder then what it would really be like to have a little boy of our own. I mentioned it to Shirley on the way back to the hotel."

"Her reply was a knowing smile—and a quick reminder that her hands were quite amply filled at the moment with four little bell-bent darlings back home."

"Anyway, at least I'd gotten it off my chest—and I hadn't gotten my head handed to me..."

After more happy days together, Franz seemed to undergo a complete metamorphosis. He lost virtually all traces of his introversion. He had grown relaxed and care-free. He smiled almost all the time.

"Even his eyes," Pat said, "lost their sadness. They were literally laughing by the time our visit in Salzburg came down to its last day."

When it was time to part, Pat and Shirley accompanied little Franz and his mother to the railroad station.

"His mother couldn't thank us enough for what we had done for her boy," Pat told me. "She wept uncontrollably and told us how much the money we sent each month meant to her in helping support Franz, as well as his sister."

"Shirley and I promised we'd never stop helping—that it was in our hearts to do that so Franz could have the chance he needed so desperately to grow up into manhood without ever again knowing starvation and want."

Franz wouldn't stop hugging Shirley and Pat at the station. Only when the train was ready to leave did Franz get aboard. Then, as the train slowly pulled out of the station, Franz stuck his head out the window shouting, "God bless you. I love you. I will write."

Shirley and Pat stood on the platform and waved to Franz until the train was out of sight. Then they went back to the hotel and packed. Venice was the next stop—and a visit with Giuseppe.

Although Giuseppe lived south of Rome with his mother and an older brother, who is 10, Pat arranged to have a woman interpreter on the staff of the Foster Parents Plan bring the boy to Venice, where Pat had to do his next television show.

Pat and Shirley arrived in Venice late at night and went to sleep in their hotel suite. The next morning, the phone rang and Pat answered. It was the interpreter.

"I'm downstairs in the lobby with Giuseppe," the woman said.

"Come right up," Pat shot back with delight, shaking Shirley out of bed.

Pat jumped into slacks and sports shirt and Shirley donned a housecoat just in time to answer the knock on the door. Pat opened it.

"Standing there was a smiling crew-cut youngster with a head shaped like a bullet and shoulders this wide," Pat said, indicating with his hands that the boy was quite a boy.

From the moment I set eyes on him I knew this was a youngster with a completely different personality than Franz. I sized him up as an extrovert—completely outgoing—and full of the devil.

"And it didn't take but a few minutes before I found out I was right."

Giuseppe greeted Pat and Shirley with an enthusiastic "bon giorno" and kissed them both with extreme affection.

"That kid had all the warmth of Italy bottled up inside him," Pat said. "And he was just waiting for someone like Shirley and me to pull out the cork."

No sooner had Giuseppe stepped into the suite than he had the run of the place.

"It didn't take him a minute to discover the shower," Pat continued. "He'd never seen one before. He was lucky to have water where he lived."

"We asked him if he'd like to get under the shower. His eyes lit up and, without even answering, he tore off his clothes and jumped under the spray."

"You never saw a kid enjoy himself so much. We couldn't tear him away from it. He simply went wild, and when we finally managed to get him out, the bathroom was thoroughly drenched."

Like Franz, Giuseppe was taken on a tour of shops and outfitted with new clothes from head to toe. Then he was taken to a toy store.

"The prize possession of any Italian boy is a soccer ball," Pat said, "and Giuseppe let us know the minute we walked into the shop what his heart's desire was."

He pointed to a row of soccer balls on a high shelf and indicated he wanted to pick one himself. So I lifted him up on my shoulders and let him look over the balls. There were seven varieties, each priced differently. Giuseppe carefully examined each ball and finally shouted that he'd made his choice.

"I got a terrific kick out of it—Giuseppe picked the most expensive one!"

"You should have seen how delighted he was when I pulled out my wallet and paid the man for it. It was a dream come true for Giuseppe—he now owned his own soccer ball!"

After shopping Pat and Shirley took Giuseppe on a sight-seeing tour of Venice in a flat bottomed canal boat. Giuseppe was just as amazed as Pat and Shirley that the streets of this Adriatic seaport were literally all canals.

Everywhere they went, Giuseppe insisted on carrying Pat's camera bag and equipment.

"He just couldn't do enough to please us," Pat explained. "Giuseppe had a remarkable capacity to love someone and he wanted us to know that we rated pretty high in his affections."

For the tour of Venice, Pat, Shirley, and little Giuseppe were decked out in tan

leather lederhosen (shorts), knee-length socks, blouse and Tirolean hat. The ensemble created quite a stir among the Venetians.

That night, they went to dinner in the hotel dining room and for Giuseppe it was another first and another thrill of his young lifetime.

"Giuseppe felt very awkward at the table," Pat said. "He'd never eaten out before and his eyes were constantly searching around to pick up tips on how to act at the table."

"He expressed amazement that the hotel management used tablecloths—he'd never heard of such a thing."

"And when we picked up our napkins, Giuseppe hastened to do the same. Instinctively he tucked his under his chin in his collar. When he looked up and saw the rest of us had placed ours on our laps, Giuseppe seemed a bit embarrassed."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see him waiting until he thought no one was watching. Then ever so slowly he reached up, pulled the napkin from his neck, and placed it on his lap.

"Then when the waiter came, Giuseppe ordered along with the rest of us—full man-sized courses."

"And do you know that he even insisted on having wine with his meal? It was quite a shock to Shirley and me, but everyone there—from the interpreter with the Foster

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Parents Plan down to the waiter serving us—assured us it was perfectly all right.

"Wine, I was told, is the lifeblood of the Italian citizenry, and everyone from the very young to the very old drink it. So, Giuseppe sipped his wine—and I got a kick watching him."

"Giuseppe, on the other hand, was thoroughly puzzled when he saw me turn down a glass of wine and ask for milk instead. He just couldn't understand how I could refuse his country's national drink."

"Although the interpreter tried to explain that I never touch intoxicants, I don't think Giuseppe could reconcile in his own mind such a strange habit as not drinking wine."

When it came time for Giuseppe's bedtime, Pat and Shirley brought Arthur O'Connell into the boys' bedroom. Giuseppe, dressed in pajamas the Boones had bought for him, took Pat and Arthur by the hand and made them kneel down beside the bed.

Giuseppe then began saying his prayers. "We didn't understand what he was saying," Pat related, "but we prayed with him. Later, the interpreter told us that Giuseppe had thanked God for all the joy we had brought into his life and prayed the Lord to bless us all."

"Arthur was deeply moved by this scene for he knew more than any of us what it meant to receive the love and affection Giuseppe was getting. Arthur lost his mother and father when he was very young and he was brought up by foster parents."

The next few days in Venice were busy ones for Pat. He had to work on his show.

After doing the show for ABC in Venice, Pat and Shirley went to Rome with Giuseppe. Originally, when Pat and Shirley planned the trip, they had put Rome on the agenda purely for a vacation and rest. But his business agent, Jack Spina, prevailed on Pat to do a telecast in Rome because his fans were screaming to see him.

"I was to do one song," Pat told me. "I ended up doing five. It seems that the least important detail on the Italian state-owned Rome TV station is the element of time. They have no conception of it. What they do is start a show and let it run on and on. Only when it's finished does the next one go on."

"I was on the air 25 minutes myself. The whole show ran an hour and 22 minutes. I just couldn't understand it after my experiences in American television where shows are staged on the split second."

Time finally ran out on Pat and Shirley—and little Giuseppe. The day came when they had to say, like in the song—*Arrivederci Rome*.

"Saying good-by to Giuseppe was one of the toughest jobs I'd ever had," Pat said. "Giuseppe had grown so fond of Shirley and me that I don't think we could ever have separated from him if it weren't for the fact that he had his mother to go back to."

"Giuseppe loved his mother very dearly and, while we had given him many material things that she could never provide, we could never win over his heart from his mother—even if we had wanted to."

"Giuseppe cried when it came time to leave, but Shirley and I promised that we'd be back very soon, and that we'd bring his little 'sisters' over to see him. That drew a smile of satisfaction from Giuseppe and as he walked away with the interpreter, he turned around and gave us a parting message with his hands in typically Italian sign language."

"He put up his thumb first, then his forefinger, and finally his middle finger. I understood perfectly—he was saying, 'I love you...'"

Although Pat and Shirley had planned the trip as a second honeymoon, when their stay on the Continent was over they found they had hardly spent a day—alone together.

"But we found the answer," Pat said. "We booked passage on the *Libertà*, and once we started sailing for New York we just locked ourselves in the cabin. We even had breakfast, lunch, and dinner in our cabin."

"It was the most delightful, most completely relaxing experience we'd ever had. A honeymoon in every sense of the word."

I asked Pat what the highlight of his trip was.

"Seeing the boys, of course," he replied. My parting question to Pat was whether he had come to any conclusions about his trip.

"Yes," he beamed, "I've concluded that the Boone family has not reached its ultimate limits."

"You can say that Shirley and I are ready to start on another little Boone—and we hope this time it's a boy."

"And if it's not a boy?" I asked.

"We'll just have to keep trying, I guess..."

—BY GEORGE CAMBER



Lana Turner

Continued from page 34

A middle-aged woman, with 40 eventful summers behind her, her hair bleached just a little too often, the jaw line tending to sag some and the fire of youth burned from her figure, sat at a lawn table in Palm Springs, California, pretending to dab at a manicure. There was no baby stare in her eyes. They were stark mirrors of reality. Etched, along with the expected lines that grooved her face, were thin threads of concern—and there was no pout to the lips. They were pursed, tight with tension. Away from her accustomed heavy make-up and kind, careful lighting, the woman looked just what she was, a former beauty now a mother and a many times wife, caught in the dread web of notoriety and scandalous headlines featuring her own daughter. She, too, was Lana Turner.

Twenty-three years, and what did she have to show for it? She had a fifth of a century of fame, fame that was now flickering out, as it must for every celebrity. She had memories. Memories of a scared kid who shook like a wet cat in a high wind when she was told to speak her first line under a microphone; memories of suddenly having her picture taken every time she appeared in public; memories of the first days of stardom and the power it gave her, the power she used to get her way with multi-millionaire bosses; memories of being the most sought-after and beautiful date in town, maybe in the world, memories of lovers and husbands and sad and happy times, the gradual dimming of the glow that follows recognition and then the frantic never-ending flight from observation, and finally the fear that soon it would all end.

And the tangibles? There was money enough to last—and one child, a girl named Cheryl. Nothing more. And the money couldn't buy youth or another crack at some of those 23 years. And there was the shuddering fear that perhaps the girl, her daughter, hated her.

Why did it have to be this way?

Being a mother and a movie star is an unnatural combination. No matter how earnest the mother is when she carries the bundle that is her son or daughter into her home for the first time, there comes a day very soon when career interferes with motherhood. With Lana Turner the problem started before Cheryl was born. She and Stephen Crane, a handsome, wealthy immigrant to Hollywood from a small mid-western town, had been married for a year or more and then one day she publicly announced that they were through and she was going to get a divorce. Lana was big news then, and the story sold papers. Then she went to see a doctor. A few days later, the press carried the joyful news that Lana and Steve were reconciled. They didn't say at the time that the doctor had told Lana she was going to have a baby—and Lana wanted that baby very badly. Badly enough

to go back to a husband she had publicly denounced as unworthy of her love.

This writer saw them together at this period and it was a strange sight, indeed. Steve was in uniform, a private in the Army, and Lana was every inch the radiant star as they drove through the gates of a radio studio, beside which a pack of eager-eyed fans stood in quiet reverence. She smiled that quizzical, beautiful smile for them, laughed that gay, giddy laugh in acting lesson number 25 as the car purr through the gates. The limousine stopped before the back door to the radio station, where there were no fans. Steve got out and reached in to help his pregnant wife to the sidewalk. She snarled and pulled her arm away from him, jumped out of the car and stalked a good 10 paces ahead of him into the studio. That was the way she really felt. It is odd, now, that Stephen Crane is the only man in the world that Lana Turner today truly considers her friend.

The birth of Cheryl Crane made head lines 17 years ago. Lana was in danger of losing her, due to an RH blood factor, and the infant couldn't have been more wanted. Cheryl, however, was, from the moment of her first cry destined for emotional problems, for Lana had long ago decided to divorce Stephen and the child was destined before birth to have to try to get along with out a father.

For a few weeks Lana was a very good mother, indeed. She gave most of her time to the baby, worried about the endless important details of food, diapers, lotion and powders and took care of the main chores herself. Then came the day when she was well enough to go back to work—and enter the villain, the Movie Star. There was a nurse and servants to help her and the loveless citadel called a nursery in which a rich kid with a busy mother could quietly develop a jumbled stack of neurones. Lana didn't have the time—and later on—perhaps not the inclination either, to be a real mother.

Stephen Crane is a man of considerable presence and charm, and, although he didn't show it at that time, he was a hard-working man who was destined to be a huge success in the business world. The husband before him had been Artie Shaw, a frivolous character who doesn't count much in this story, but the husbands and lovers who followed Crane did matter in the evolution of Lana's delinquent child. One was Bob Topping, a rich playboy who spent the greater part of his time looking for the secret of life engraved on the bottom of bottles. If any man had the right combination of elements to make a lousy stepfather, Bob Topping was that man. He could, and did, provide the best that money could buy. But he was hardly the type that could be expected to help with the building of a castle in a sand pile, or keeping the crayon inside the lines in a Mother Goose coloring book. And it was his personal cross that the cocktail hour and bedtime story time were traditionally merged. It can be said in his favor that he didn't marry the kid, he married the mother and his reputation held he was a playboy, not a playmate.

Lana's next husband was Lex Barker, at the time she married him a Greek god of a fellow who did quite well dressed like a

male stripper swinging from tree to tree grunting like an ox. He was one of the film Tarzans. Dressed for supper he was a splen did sight for a girl to be seen with and as cultured as a Cabot. But Lex Barker's turn as Cheryl's daddy came at an awkward age for both. He was a bit too young to face the sudden fatherhood of what, at this stage in her growth, turned out to be a changeling female who one day cried over the fractured skull of her favorite doll and the next day wanted to marry Errol Flynn. Rapport was impossible between Cheryl and Lex—and so Cheryl was comfortably but traumatically housed in a boarding school while Mother and Stepfather gadded the world.

And the accounts of her mother's life were not given to her in the trite phrases of the occasional letters Cheryl received, but in the glib writings of the columnists and magazine writers who told her how happy her mother was with this stranger, how desperately she wanted to give him a child of his own, how tragically she lost one, how radiantly different she was from a child's mother image of a worried crone with worry lines who cared only for her baby's wants and hurts. The American institution known as "child custody" kept Cheryl from having a real father, regardless of her need.

Soon Barker was gone along with the rest of them and Lana, no chicken now, was again looking for her own emotional security in the person of a man. A man who, of course, was without the faults previous experiences should have taught her thrive outwardly or secretly in any creature who wears jockey shorts. But before Lex left, Lana was faced with the first concrete indication that Cheryl who had reached the troubled threshold of her teens, was not the happy, well adjusted school she had imagined. Cheryl ran away from boarding school.

As they say in the radio and television commercials, go right now, without delay to your nearest newspaper office and look in the files for the photographs taken of Lana Turner on that occasion. In all of them she wears the stunned expression of a dog lover whose poodle has just moved, puppy litter, leash and bone, into the more domestic back porch of a neighbor. The description may be cruel but it is a valid analogy. Lana was stunned—and stunned because a pet had shown an unexpected inclination to rebel, had as most of us would have been wont to conclude, displayed ingratitude. Gratitude for what? A constant supply of food that she could have found herself in any Beverly Hills garbage pail? Clothing she could have pinched alone from any department store? A child never gives a parent thanks for any thing it can steal. It's the subtle gifts of love and self-denial that can't be stolen or begged a child wants.

During this trying time, Lana's mother love, confused and unthinking as it was, emerged. A desperate mother will instinctively look to the right place for help. She found it in Steve Crane. More understanding than most disfranchised fathers, he was there to mastermind the recapture of the fled lamb. What a pity it is that the return of the truant is supposed to be the end of the matter. The flash bulbs popped, the tears were shed, the kisses, wet, warm and sincere, were kissed, the gestures of affection were made, and afterwards the holy, quiet,

terribly moving, shy time alone came and covenants were proposed and vowed. They sat together dewy in the tranquility of reunion, and neither Lana nor Cheryl knew that this first, rather simple gesture of disobedience they both promised to "forget" was in fact a terrifying shriek from the soul of a child sick with need.

Let's call a spade a fact. Lana Turner herself had a problem she could not conquer. At 37, the bloom was gone from the petals of her beauty, although she stood in little jeopardy of being stoned as a witch, and her youth lay long ago in rigor mortis beneath the natural foliage of Time. And she still hadn't found the man who could fill every one of her desires and requirements. At 37, the search becomes more eager in an unsatisfied woman and most, as Lana did, dig in the soil of the current garden looking for something they can't give a name to. Lana dug up a succession of strapping young bucks who might not have helped her across the street if she hadn't been a movie star. And she tried to find something in common with them. And when she failed she'd try again.

One day she found a handsome young thug named Johnny Stompanato. Stompanato was well known around Hollywood as a comic strip gangster-type. He glowed in the dark with the help of the light of cheap notoriety that linked him with the names and suspected activities of proven hoodlums. Say what you will, he was handsome and savagely endowed with masculine stench. The best information the California police departments could gather indicated that he lived quite comfortably from these attributes, and that many women had been permitted to pay his bills and slip him walking around money. When her turn came, Lana Turner stumbled to the ground at his feet and assumed her responsibilities as Johnny Stompanato's new girl.

A little more than two years ago her home was the scene of a tragedy, or, to be more exact, the final act in a long tragedy of errors simply and graphically described by the daily newspapers. The opening scenes of that evening's awful play have been well shrouded in the deliberately double-talked accounts given by Lana's advisors, friends, lawyers and the Beverly Hills police. We have been permitted to see, however, a tableau of a shocked woman standing above the quickly-dying, still writhing figure of a scared punk with blood spurting from a belly ripped open by a knife held in the hands of a frightened kid. And we see Lana Turner, quivering helplessly, hysterical with fear, dialing the telephone crying for help. And the child standing almost casually in the room as she surveys an incident that seems not too unnatural and one in which she, herself, was handsily involved.

When was the knife thrust? That night? Five years before? I don't know. The day she was born? What hand held the instrument? The soft, gentle fingers of the little girl? The claw of the creature that lived within her? Or was it truly held in the hand of the woman who was a movie star before she was a mother? This is no indictment. It is a question. In all her life Lana Turner has not been known to do an evil deed, nor shirk an obvious responsibility, nor fail to give what was asked of her when it was

spelled out plainly enough for an ordinary woman to understand. If it was her hand that held that knife that night (not literally, of course) it was placed there by ignorance. And the implement and time and conduct of the tragedy was preordained and had a thousand avenues and devices it could have traveled and used to demonstrate that a tragedy follows a careful building of blocks of neglect and incompetence in a human.

Because Lana Turner is not the headline maker she was once, the stories of the delinquency of her daughter don't get the space they might have at one time. But they are chronicled. A few months ago, Cheryl was placed in the custody of the County of Los Angeles as a problem juvenile. The extent of her delinquency and the forms are not publicly known, for it is the policy of the courts in California to seal the doings of juveniles and bar the press from hearings. But the forms matter little. The fact that compulsive rebellion, which is a form of identity-seeking, does exist in Cheryl Crane is established beyond doubt. And, without the using of a lot of "ifs," no one is qualified to say whether or not she will ever get over it.

If competent psychiatric procedures are used she may throw off the shackles. If they find the basic problems she may get well. If her carefully cultured neurones are brought to view and snipped free, Cheryl, too, might be set free. If, if, if, if—a puny word to carry so heavy a responsibility.

Cheryl's most recent demonstrations were the two escapes from her detention home. The first time, she took off over a fence with a couple of other girls and kept the authorities on the hop for a week looking for her. It ended in her calling her father—not her mother—to come and get her, because she wanted to go "home." And she did, back to the El Retiro School For Girls where she is at least understood and accepted for what she is. The second time she left with two different girls, and they were found a few days later, and brought back to the school.

Steve Crane is gray now, and his face is creased with lines that were not caused by laughs. By the lights he has been as good a father as the law has allowed.

And at Palm Springs the 40-year-old movie star sits at her table in the sun and pretends to manicure her nails. When the news of her daughter's escape was given her she didn't move, nor would she comment. She took no part in the search. She didn't weep for the photographers. But don't think the tears didn't fall inside. Don't believe that she didn't watch her soul for some clue to the cause of it all. Don't think that there was not the soul of a mother beneath the remaining lustre of the shell of the movie queen. A soul that often wimpers in remorse.

And maybe, as she sits at that table on the lawn, Lana Turner sometimes thinks of that day when she was Cheryl's age, leaning her swartened elbows on the counter of the soda fountain in Hollywood, and sipping that ten-cent malt when the man came in and handed her his card. And maybe she wonders if she'd gulp down the rest of the malt and run home in great excitement to tell her mother she wanted to be a movie star—or if she'd tear it into little pieces and drop them on the floor, where they couldn't do any harm.—BY PETER FORBES

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Debbie Reynolds

Continued from page 52

A boy did ask her to go to a movie Saturday night and what should she do? She doesn't really like him.

My feeling about dating is that it depends on just this, who asks you, what kind of a person he is and where he wants to go. A girl is very foolish to go out only for the sake of going out. There's a time for everything and a dating time for everyone. I didn't date in high school, I was a square—but such a very busy square. There were the Girl Scouts and band practice and athletics. I wore my Girl Scout uniform and all my medals, unless I was wearing my gym suit. Sometimes I'd be in such a rush that I'd wear my gym clothes to the next class. And having no date on Saturday night wasn't crushing—there were lots of other people to be with. I preferred to be with adults or children or girl friends rather than go out with someone I didn't care about. I still feel the same way I'm dating a lot now for the first time in my life but not just for the sake of dating.

Some teen-agers can't bear to be different. They must be just like everyone else, dress like 'em, look like 'em, and follow their behavior patterns. But there are people who have the courage to be themselves and follow their own pattern. Ann Blyth, for example, was very shy. She never did conform to Hollywood behavior patterns, but look at the wonderful, happy life she's built. If you really feel like a beatnik, I say be the most beat.

This applies to the whole question of dating, and what you do on a date. If you're lucky, you get to know some very nice boys and your world becomes larger. And with the boys you truly like you become relaxed and free enough to be yourself. When I was in high school, there was a boy named Jerry who understood me and let me be myself. He saw to it that I got to the prom once a year and he even drove me to the Miss Burbank contest that changed my life. I hadn't wanted to go at all, I'd signed up for the contest just to get the free blouse and scarf they gave to all the contestants. But Mother said that having taken the blouse and scarf, I must show up. Jerry took me, in his father's car. He not only took me, he assured me that I'd win! He came bearing a big box of candy, he took charge of my records and record player and saw to it that Betty Hutton's voice emerged clear and loud singing *Square in the Social Circle* while I pantomimed out front.

Jerry has remained my friend always. So have Tab Hunter and Hugh O'Brian, whom I dated after I started in pictures. The boy I dated most was Bob Wagner. I had a real school-girl crush on Bob. We fell into the dating habit. It wasn't serious but it was steady—for two years—and Bob finally realized that this was a mistake, that we shouldn't tie each other down when we had no thought of an engagement, we should

stop dating for a while, remain friends and date others. He was very wise, so much wiser that he'd outgrown me. But what I'm trying to say is that your dates can provide a wonderful springboard for friendship, and if they do, you don't have to worry about how much necking you have to do in order to get him to take you out again.

There's certainly nothing in the world wrong with kissing. If you're attracted to a boy, if you know him well, if you want to kiss him, for heaven's sake kiss him! Kiss him, but keep your eyes open! Don't let his kisses fool you into thinking it's anything more than a kiss.

But sitting in a car and necking—no!

"But all the kids do," a girl told me yesterday. "If you say so, they think you're a real frigidaire."

"But if you do, they think you're easy," I told her. "I saw it happen to several of my good friends in school. They went out a lot, they got themselves reputations. Bad ones. Unfounded, I'm sure. I think they necked, all right, but they didn't go any further than that. Unfortunately, that's far enough for the talk to start and boys talk just as much as girls. I used to hear my brother and his friends talk. 'Is she a necker?' And some guy, real wise, answering, 'Is she, man!' The girls whose parents were the strictest were the ones who got the wildest reputations. They were rebelling, of course, the way kids do. But sitting in cars necking can sometimes lead to very early forced marriages. And this is tragic. Marriage should be something wonderful, something you choose, not something you're forced into because you've been indiscreet. Marriage is complex enough even when it's right, and when it's wrong, well, it can be pretty awful! So many of the girls I knew in school who married early have gone through one or two divorces already and now are faced with the added responsibilities of a number of children."

Maybe I'm not the most informed on marriage. I didn't do too well, did I, with my own? Maybe my mistake was that I didn't keep my eyes open. But let me say this, I have no regrets about that marriage. I learned, I loved, I became a different person, I hope a better person. There's a great change in your life when you marry. I was 23, a very young 23. I'd never been in love before and marriage is a way of life involving many adjustments.

The one thing I would never do again is become engaged. So long as you go steady, that's one thing, but the moment you become engaged, then the outside world moves in and you are bombarded—just when you need most to be alone. This of course is especially true if you happen to be a celebrity. Most movie people suffer tremendously from the lack of privacy in their lives and we certainly suffered during our year's engagement.

What you want, when you're in love, is to have as much time alone as possible, to get to understand each other, to get ready for all the adjustments two people must make to each other. You don't date anyone who comes from exactly the same environment, the same heredity, the same set of conditioning factors you have come from. Serious dating is the time for getting-to-know-you, getting-to-know-all-about-you.

If you are engaged, even if you aren't in show business, you are immediately subjected to a lot of pressure, social engagements, parties, advice, wedding plans, all the superficial trappings that have nothing to do with the basic issues. Don't allow yourself to become bewildered.

What I hope for my own children is that they will trust me enough to ask questions, that they will feel free and not regard me as a trust officer just because I'm their mother. I expect to find my daughter on the front porch ten years from now, kissing some nice boy good night. I'll tell her exactly what my parents told me: "Whatever you want to do, do it at home. Come in, sit on the couch if you want to neck."

I advise every youngster I know to talk to her mother, not to be prejudiced against her in advance. Every mother has been in love, every mother has been a teen-ager and faced the same problems about necking herself. If she didn't know anything about romance or life, the girl I'm talking to wouldn't even be here!

Every kid needs the backing and the confidence a family can give them. They're going to need it because life has a lot of surprises in store. Today's teen-agers sense that. They're aware of the threat of war, they know about Khrushchev and the A-bomb and how important it is to live their lives today. When I talk to them, I stress the fact that important as their careers are going to be, nothing is as important as their personal lives, the day to day living with people they love. That's why the day to day life had better be good. This is their life.

You don't have to follow the crowd on anything, you have only to follow your own beliefs and express yourself. This goes for dress and make-up, too. They should express you. I would not let my daughter wear mascara or eyeliner in high school, because this gives a worldly look that can only be misinterpreted in high school. I didn't even wear lipstick but today I'd say yes, a little lipstick. There's no sense in trying to look like Brigitte Bardot when you're a 15-year-old kid whose throat gets dry if a boy so much as says "Hi."

I also remind my young friends that they have a lot of time to change and that they'll keep changing. The way they think and feel today isn't what they'll think and feel in a year or in two. They'll surprise themselves constantly. And it certainly isn't important to be sophisticated in the beginning.

I remember my first love scene. It was in *Susan Slept Here*. There was a scene where I had to reach up, throw my arms around Dick Powell and kiss him. I shut my eyes, mused his mouth and bit his nose. The crew was hysterical with laughter and I almost died of embarrassment. Dick just said, "Keep your eyes open until you're kissed, Debbie."

I go one step further in advising my teen-age friends. I say, "Keep your eyes open after you're kissed." Do only what you really want to do, what you really believe, with your eyes wide open. Love is a wonderful thing, you want to be ready for it when real love happens. If you are, life will be a continuing adventure for you, always.

—AS TOLD TO JANE ARDMORE

Debbie stars in Columbia's *Pepe* and Paramount's *The Pleasure Of His Company*



Liz and Eddie

Continued from page 27

"I can explain it," Liz volunteered quickly. "It's due in part to the fact that in the public's mind I stole a guy from the typical, sweet, wonderful girl-next-door—the girl with the pigtails and diaper pins who could do no wrong."

Eddie cut in to say, "That's it right on the button. To everyone Liz is the femme fatale who broke into the home and stole the husband away from Debbie Reynolds."

"And I'm the guy who had the roving eye—the guy who was looking for a nice fat chance to fly the coop. And when Liz came along, I just leaped at the opportunity."

But nothing could be farther from the truth. Although Liz and I have been cast in villains' roles, with Debbie as the heroine, there are just a few things wrong with all the reports that have come out about us and the picture created in the public's mind.

The truth is that Debbie and I were unhappy from the start. We were portrayed as all-American sweethearts, and in the minds of a great many people we were all of that. We just couldn't be anything different.

"Debbie and I, however, couldn't get along. We were going to break up several times, and the last time I only stayed on because Debbie was expecting a baby."

"It was the legend that Debbie and I were the ideal couple, the kids next door, which hurt us more than anything when we did break up and Liz and I announced we were going to be married."

Liz put a finger over Eddie's lips and tapped them softly, saying, "Eddie, remember you're talking about Debbie and yourself. As far as I'm concerned, I've never been America's sweetheart—so I've never had your problem."

Eddie grinned and laddingly suggested that Liz stop feeling so persecuted. "You just don't have that homespun look, Liz," jibed Eddie, "so why fight it?"

Liz pretended to scowl and playfully brought a clenched fist into an arcing uppercut to Eddie's jaw, pulling the punch just short of his chin.

"See," Eddie cracked, "we're always fighting. And she's always beating me up."

Another query broke up the jocularity and brought a rather serious expression back to Eddie's face. The interrogator wanted to know if there was any truth in the report that as recently as last March, when Eddie and Liz were in the British West Indies on vacation, he'd refused to respond to a call from Debbie Reynolds in Hollywood when their 2-year-old son, Todd, had to undergo an emergency hernia operation.

"It's another vicious lie," snapped Eddie, the anger returning to his voice. "That was another one of those stories, all phoned up with a 'Where Are You, Eddie, I Need You' headline."

"Undoubtedly, Debbie did try to reach me by phone to tell me she was taking Todd to the hospital. But it wasn't a life-or-death deal by a longshot."

"Debbie had her brother at home and her mother nearby. She also had the best medical advice at her elbow. What added comfort could I have provided over a phone 4,000 miles away?"

"The fact is that Debbie simply wanted to notify me that Todd was going under the knife because, after all, I'm still the father. But that was all there was to it."

"When I received the message later, I phoned the hospital and learned that everything was all right, that Todd came out of the ether shipshape. And in a few days' time, just as soon as I could, I flew to Hollywood to see my son."

Eddie was asked whether the present arrangements of visiting rights to the children, Todd and Carrie, who is 3, are satisfactory to him.

"Yes they are," he said after a bit of thought. "Certainly I'd like to see Todd and Carrie more often, and I hope I can arrange with Debbie to have them come and stay with Liz and me for a period of time during the summer."

"But I guess that will come later when Todd and Carrie are a little older. They're much too young to leave their mother now for any length of time."

"Although Liz is perfectly capable of handling youngsters of Todd's and Carrie's ages—and she loves them very much—it isn't fair to have them with us because we are both so busy in films and other work."

"But the day will come when we will be in a position to have Carrie and Todd with us—and I'm sure Debbie won't oppose it."

Eddie and Liz seemed anxious to go into the studio. They were late in arriving at the Production Center to begin with, and now they were even later. But they consented to stay put for another question or two.

Do you feel hurt by the adverse publicity given your marriage? was the next query, directed at both Liz and Eddie.

Eddie answered first.

"The thing I have wanted most of all in this world was Elizabeth. But the hardest part of it was to convey the truth of the situation to the public."

"I knew Debbie and I were washed up. Debbie knew it. Our friends knew it. Only one magazine—*Motion Picture*—knew it. (Editor's note—February 1956 issue.) But the rest of the press and the public didn't know it."

And Debbie's studio wouldn't admit it! "Therefore, the public had an image of an Eddie Fisher and a Debbie Reynolds happily married long after I wasn't happily married and, for that matter, long after Debbie was unhappy, too."

"It's not unusual when a marriage breaks up. It happens all the time. It's just the personalities involved that make a divorce big news. And in this case it was Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher who hit the headlines."

"I've tried without apparent success to tell the world that I fell in love with Liz and that Liz fell in love with me—only after my marriage went on the rocks. That doesn't make Liz a homebreaker, does it?"

"And one of the accusations that's hurt the most is the one about Elizabeth being unfaithful to Mike Todd because she fell in love so quickly after Mike's death."

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Sammy Davis, Jr.

Continued from page 55

ahead with their plans to marry. There is no doubt of it: they are about to become the most controversial husband and wife in the history of Hollywood.

Already, their plans to marry have aroused the sympathy, rage, understanding, respect and contempt of a world half-startled by their courage, half-dismayed at their mad-

ness. Is their love the ultimate folly? Can their relationship ever be accepted—or will the world punish them with social banishment?

No one knows how this strangest of strange love stories will end. Indeed, it is almost as difficult to say how it began.

Ten years ago, Sammy Davis, Jr., was a struggling unknown, bursting with talent, seething for his big break.

I sat with him on one of those days in the offices of a Vine street music publisher. Sammy visited frequently to learn of new songs, new shows and new names in the entertainment world he loves so much. He was dressed in wash-worn jeans, well-worn but well-polished black shoes, a plaid sport shirt and a smile.

I will never forget the words to a song which he sang softly to himself.

"Fools rush in and here I am, very glad to be unhappy . . ." went the lyric. Another part of the song said, ". . . but for someone you adore, it's a pleasure to be sad."

It is remarkable how prophetic those words were.

Sammy got his break. Today, he is "one of the few great acts in show business." Tough, show-hardened critics compete with superlatives in their reviews of his performances. Night-club-goers swamp the bistros wherever he appears. But the most graphic and extravagant compliment ever paid to an entertainer was that of his good friend Frank Sinatra, who called Sammy "the heart and soul of show business."

In 1964, following an auto accident, Sammy learned that Fate had "called a second strike on me." He lost an eye in the auto crash.

"The first strike," he continued, "was being born a Negro and having to bear, as all Negroes must, the agony of racial prejudice. Now, I have to live with half my sight."

But Sammy snapped back with verve and bounce. He earned and enjoyed respect and admiration rarely accorded a Negro entertainer. His friends, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Peter Lawford and other top names in entertainment welcomed him to their midst, and he was officially declared "one of the clan."

However, shortly after, Sammy became involved with one of the best-known blonde actresses in films. She and Sammy denied there was anything "between" them, that they were just good friends.

At the height of all the speculation, Sammy, on very short warning, married an attractive Negro singer, Loray White.

Gossip insisted that his marriage to Loray (a divorcee with a young son), was an "arrangement" and had been performed only to relieve the torrid gossip that Sammy was having a wild affair with an important white woman.

Sammy and Loray heatedly denied the rumor, but a few months later, they announced their intentions to divorce.

One close friend of the couple said, "Sammy worked a business deal with Loray to provide her with a weekly expense allowance of \$250 if she would marry him. She agreed because she thought it would be good publicity for her career."

Another insider claims that anonymous phone calls, allegedly at the behest of a movie executive, threatened to have Sammy killed if he did not stop seeing the "important" actress.

"That was not at all the reason for the failure of our marriage," Sammy said later. "Loray and I didn't get along from the very beginning. We made a mistake. When we began yelling at each other too frequently, we decided to call it quits."

Loray insisted that she had not married Sammy to "take the heat off an affair he was having with an actress," nor had it been a loveless marriage. She said she still loved Sammy.

No one in Hollywood believed, however, that Sammy and Loray had ever been more than just friends.

Last November, Sammy announced that he was engaged to the beautiful, blonde Canadian dancer, 31-year-old Joan Stuart.

But two months later, at a private Hollywood party, it happened.

"I was just there," says Sammy. "Just like I go to lots of parties. I know what goes on in the minds of some people. I am a Negro, perhaps the only Negro at a party. Will I, as they say, keep my place? They were waiting. But at this party, my whole life changed in an instant. As a Negro, I know there is an understood, but unspoken, rule that I must not even look at a girl whose skin is not my color."

"That's the way it was. I was in the midst of the struggle again—trying to make them understand without begging, that I was a human being; that although I knew they could tear my heart out if they chose, I trusted them, that because I was a Negro I was not a freak but a man with all the yearning for love and happiness they had."

"And right in the middle of all that, May walked in. I looked at her and she looked at me. Something happened inside and I cried out, in my mind, 'Oh, God! Don't do this to me!'"

"But it happened. It clicked between us and a door in my heart opened to a room I had never known before. It was filled with love and happiness for me. And I couldn't stay out. And somehow I knew that for May it was the same thing."

"I knew, too, that if May and I were ever going to be together we would both pass close to hell. And May knew it, too."

At 24, Maybirt Wilkins is one of the most strikingly beautiful women in Hollywood. Born in Stockholm, her early ambition was to be a photographer. She studied and, at 17, went to work in a model agency as a photo-retoucher. Italian movie producer Carlo Ponti visited the office, took one look at May

and ignored the models' photos in the filing cabinets.

In Italy, during the next few years, May made 11 movies. She was seen in *War and Peace*, then brought to the U.S. by Buddy Adler, head of 20th Century-Fox. Soon, she was starring in *The Hunters*, *The Young Lions* with Marlon Brando, and *The Blue Angel*.

In 1958, May married Ed Gregson, the son of a wealthy Los Angeles stockbroker. The marriage failed and May sued for divorce in September, 1959.

Four months later, she walked into a room and looked at Sammy Davis, Jr.

"After that," said May, "I don't think I remember much else, except that I was terribly in love. I think in my heart I knew what was ahead, but it didn't matter. Nothing matters now except the happiness and peace we want in our life, together."

In April, Sammy reported that his engagement to Joan Stuart was off and had been off for some time because her parents had objected to him on racial and religious grounds.

In June, after frequent meetings with Sammy's parents and May's, the couple announced in London that they would marry after September 28, the date May's divorce from Gregson becomes final.

But the peace that Sammy and May seek so desperately may be difficult to attain.

Hardly had the reports of their intended marriage been made public than a hurricane of criticism began brewing. Noisy placard-bearers demonstrated in picket lines outside London's Pigalle Theater night club where Sammy appeared. "Sammy Davis," said the signs, "go home."

But it is the stinging anonymous gossip, especially in Hollywood, that is hurting Sammy and May the most.

"Sammy always said he'd never marry a girl of his own race," says a one-time friend of the entertainer. "All his life he has been on the search for the white goddess who will relieve him of the torment he suffers as a Negro. Sammy will deny it, but I believe that it was always his intention, a dream so vital to him, that he would die without it. Sammy has often said that he cannot understand why he should not have the social right to marry a white girl. He does not seem to comprehend that no one quarrels with his right, only his wisdom."

There is also considerable anxiety among both May's and Sammy's friends because of the emotional complications that can develop between the man and the woman of a mixed marriage. In many ways, the intimate relationship that will come between Sammy and May will be similar to other marriages. In other ways, it will not.

Strangely enough, there is the feeling that whatever scorn, ridicule or embarrassment they may bear will do little to harm the marriage. They expect it and are prepared to face it.

Rather, it is the situations that might arise between them in private that could do the greatest damage to the union.

No intelligent human being can completely ignore that his skin is a different color from others. Intelligent persons consider the difference and take a stand.

May has decided that though she is of the white race, her love for a Negro is above any deep-seated racial loyalty. It simply does not

matter to her that Sammy is colored. All that matters is that she loves him.

But intelligent persons also understand that there is no such thing as a perfect personality. Anger, for hate or love, is an emotion. Anger is a color. Yet what might be a normal easy to mend split between a husband and wife, could for May and Sammy, prove disastrous.

May is a vibrant, sensitive and beautiful woman. Her love for Sammy shows that.

Still, one particular ugly word uttered to May in a moment of fury or petulance could kill her happiness—and Sammy's.

In the movie, *Island in The Sun*, Harry Belafonte and Joan Fontaine fall in love. They have intimate and somewhat clandestine meetings among wind-kissed hills. It is a strange, but idyllic, love affair. Yet, in the end, this part.

Belafonte tells Joan that, as her love and he could not endure the agony of waiting for a child, he is thinking about the instant in their marriage that would tear his heart out when she, in a spasm of a quarrel, would look at him with contempt and call him "Nigger"—something she would regret.

But Sammy says he and May cannot let words ruin their lives.

We will be criticized, says Sammy, but we will not be denied our rights as human beings. This is why I must marry May.

Inner does Sammy feel that only by conquering a "blonde goddess" can he attain the stature he yearns for? Or is it a human being? If not, why have all his previous loves been with blonde girls?

By falling in love with May and announcing their marriage, has Sammy really shown great courage?

One Hollywood actress who knew May in Rome says:

From a woman's point of view, it is May who will in the end face the greater test of courage. Sammy's desire for a white wife is understandable. But he will be able to continue as a performer.

May has everything to lose. As far as her studio is concerned, her career is finished, even if they don't marry. Her option has been or will be dropped. That seems to be a certainty from what I hear.

But consider the courage of a girl who is willing to chance such an unlikely marriage. Bravely and openly she chooses to run the gamut of ridicule, scorn, contempt, humiliation heaped on her, insults, the loss of friends' offensive humor, everything a woman tries to avoid because these are the things that hurt her most.

Until now, May has lived in the conventional mixed world of make-believe. Scripts directed her young emotions. Even in her marriage, the simple legal handiness of divorce was a refuge.

But as the fiancée of Sammy Davis, Jr., May must marry him or admit to an admonishing world that she has made a mistake that ruined her life. Failure to go through with it now would be inferred by the world that the romance was a gaudy bid for publicity on both their parts.

They have professed their love for each other and stated they would have children, even if, as Sammy has said, "our kids turn out to be polka dotted."

(Please turn the page.)

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I'm not so sure. Some times I think I've never been a star and sometimes I think some year I will be. Some year I die of cancer, also I once told a friend I was a defeatist, and he asked how come I'd come so far on defeatism. Actually the more serious defeatism has set in the last year or so. I used to have a great drive, just to be noticed. Now that I'm being noticed I'm beginning to think I won't live or to wish it would stop. I just keep thinking it's pure luck. I'm not sure if it's good luck or bad luck. I don't see how I could have happened—except that I have the greatest agent in town.

Also I drive or never. That's a funny thing. I must have never. Ever since I was born I've lived on misery. I never get into when people criticize me. I figure there must be something in what they say or they wouldn't say it. I try to accept its bad points or something about them. It's easier for my sanity to accept. I also drive me getting my way. If I don't get my way when I want my way very badly, that makes me unhappy. But I don't live on this. I don't lose it. It makes me miserable.

Sometimes pretty things make me sad, too. Once a beautiful night is gone, once a lovely day is gone, it can never happen again. That's very sad. Why are beautiful moments in such a hurry to leave?

Then there's loneliness. Sometimes loneliness can be exquisite. But it can be excruciating, too. When I feel lonely, really lonely, I suffer. I don't go anywhere, not when I'm really, really lonely. I don't. When I'm just surface lonely I can call my ~~somebody~~ and it's over. When you're deeply lonely you can't be satisfied by calling up a person because it decreases in value.

People say poverty is the worst thing in the world. I think loneliness is. Loneliness explains many things that don't seem to have an explanation. I like when someone is lonely or is being an extremist. I think a person begins to feel lonely being lonely.

I feel lonely, but sometimes I need to be alone. I like the idea of being alone. I go through long periods when I never answer the phone again, and it's so boring. It is a terrible. You've got to make time for yourself to do things you want to do and one of my favorite things is to be alone. When I'm alone I can think. When the phone rings when there are parties, I can't think. It does nothing to satisfy me.

I like to be alone a couple of days thinking, writing, reading, drawing or just sitting clearing the dishes or driving up a new street that I never drove up before. Sometimes I'll just poke around the house in a pair of slacks and a sweater, or in my pajamas, or a night robe putting a log on the fire, listening to the record player, turning on the TV, sprawling on the floor filling in a coloring book with crayons. Sometimes I get on a cleaning jag, and I clean the whole house.

I never know when the lonely one is suddenly going to be transformed into the gregarious one, or vice versa. I enjoy solitude to a certain extent—for a certain period of time. But I know I couldn't live without a phone, music or people. Some people can alternate for weeks. I can't do that. My record is a month or two days.

That was during the actors' strike when everyone was restless and there were a lot

of parties and a lot of things to do. I have a habit of saying yes. I made thousands of dates, and I just decided not to go. I got to feeling closed in so I just went away and didn't tell anyone where I went.

I read. I wrote. I've got almost two whole loose-leaf notebooks full of things I've written. Usually I write when I'm away from the studio. But not always. Once when I was working on *"Sunset Strip"*, I suddenly felt there were some things I had to put on paper. I went into one of the cave sets at Warner's, and I sat down in the dirt and started to write. I always have to be alone if I'm going to write or read or do anything like that.

But time days was enough. I don't know what it was that brought me back to the world. I guess it was the same thing that made me go away—madness. I was going insane. I got back and called my friends. They didn't even know I'd been gone. It helped to know they were crazy, too.

One good thing about that habitation was that I lost a lot of weight. I don't enjoy dieting, but I don't enjoy having a fat face either. I suppose it doesn't matter that I don't enjoy a fat face because I don't have a fat face. At least I didn't have one the last time I looked in the mirror. Maybe that was because it was a thin mirror.

The trouble is I'm never sure how long enough to tell which one I am just to give you a small example, one day when I was having lunch at the 20th Century Fox commissary, I went through a whole interview, including seed tea against my cheek. Some people may have considered that eccentric. But I was! I ordered seed tea because I was thirsty. But by the time it came my face was hotter than my throat. I naturally put the seed tea against my face. By the time I was ready to drink the tea the seed had melted and it was hot water. So I ordered more seed tea. By the time it came my face again was warmer than my throat. Yet other times, I might be just as warm and I might drink the seed tea. How can you tell how you're going to feel about any thing at any given moment? Even men.

Yes, men. There was a time you could have asked about the boys I dated, and I would have named them and told you about them. But that was because I guess I didn't really go out with them. Now I really go out with boys I date. If you know what I mean so I don't feel like talking about it too much. Only last week someone asked me about what happened between me and Richard Beymer. I said, "I ain't talking." "You're going to be that way, are you?" the writer asked. "Yes," I said, "I'm going to be clammy." And I was. I clammed up.

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How can I say what I'm like when I keep changing all the time? On the subject of men, my opinions after drastically I used to like the more worldly type that represented freedom and so forth. I couldn't stand a man who actually was a gentleman. But I've changed. I want to be more protected now. I don't want to be on my own all the time. I used to be with a date, and he'd ignore me completely, or I'd ignore him. I'd get up and walk out, or he would. If he didn't call me, it was okay. In fact, that was the thing to do. Well, there was so much freedom under that arrangement that it almost became loneliness.

Now I place value on consideration. I cannot respect inconsiderate people for the sake of freedom and independence. Lack of courtesy and thoughtlessness have nothing to do with freedom and independence. This is not a recent discovery. It's been creeping up on me.

If you have money you can spend it any way you like. When you talk about the way you spend your time, you're talking about the expenditure of one's life. I spend it the way I want to, with the people I want to be with. Right now I want to spend it with fellows who don't take girls for granted. Sometimes I make little deposits and never even come back to collect the interest.

Another thing is that some people seem to think I prefer older men. Wrong. I might like some men who are older than others, but they just happen to be older. That's not why I like them. I might like to see some men act older than they do and younger than they are. But then every man you like is older than some other man you know. So what's the discussion all about?

If I like anything older, it's older women. They're the only kind of woman you can trust. I'm not saying men aren't treacherous, too, but if you have to be with a woman who's treacherous it might as well be a male. At least with a man, I feel a little bit more secure. I feel I wouldn't be left high and dry, whereas I would with a girl. When I'm with a guy I don't have to worry about another guy making passes or trying to pick me up. But how safe are you when you're with a girl?

My opinions keep changing on almost everything. Once I didn't believe in puppy love. I still don't—except for puppies. I happen to feel that love is love. I don't see what it has to do with how old anyone is. What it has to do with is how someone feels about someone of the opposite sex. A child of seven could be as much in love as I do, and I was engaged! That might be a different kind of love, but still it would be love, and always would mean something to you. I'm also defending all the teen-agers in the world who are in love. If they're in love they're in love. Who's to say they're only going through a phase? Life is one darn phase after another.

By tomorrow morning I may take a completely opposite point of view. So how can anyone find out how I seem to me? I haven't found out myself yet. Maybe, if I'm lucky, I never will. If you really want to know what Tuesday Weld is really like, ask the people who have been telling you all along. But then again how can they know if I don't know myself?

—AS TOLD TO WILLIAM TUSHER



Elvis Presley
Continued from page 30

earlier in the drug store of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel while he was making his first movie *"Love Me Tender"*. They became good friends.

Shortly after Elvis finished the picture and left town, Nan met Tuesday. The better she knew Tuesday the more she felt that Tuesday and Elvis were made for each other. She kept asking Tuesday if she would like to meet Elvis, and Tuesday kept putting her off.

"I was sure they'd hit it off," says Nan. They're two such very unusual, very talented and individualistic people. You can just use your own sixth sense in matters like that. Elvis takes blondes first off—women who are interesting and I don't think there's a more interesting blonde alive. Tuesday day.

It was Nan's hunch that Elvis and Tuesday would like each other for more reasons than mere physical attraction.

Tuesday is very honest," Nan points out. In fact, she's one of the most honest girls I've ever known. And I knew how much Elvis liked this quality in people. You have to be honest with Elvis. He can sniff a phony in a minute. A girl who wants to be on the level couldn't last a day with him. I was so sure they would like each other that I was dying to introduce them.

Nan periodically introduced this to Tuesday while Elvis still was in Germany, but she did not draw a very eager response.

"I'll be so glad when Elvis gets back to town," she would tell Tuesday, "just wait till you meet him. You'll flip."

No. I don't think so," Tuesday would bark off. "I think we'd clash."

That's where things stood until Elvis checked into Paramount for his comeback picture, *G.I. Blues*. Tuesday herself had other things on her mind, notably Dick Beymer, with whom she was making *High Time* at 20th Century-Fox. If she was not actually in love, she was as close to it as she ever had been. There even seemed a possibility that it might end with wedding bells.

Dick, a wholesome intelligent lad not cut from the conventional Hollywood pattern was completely moonstruck over Tuesday. They were well nigh inseparable both on and off the set. Tuesday let her white Lark convertible gather dust in the driveway, and Dick drove her to and from the studio every day in his little MG. He was like a love-stricken schoolboy carrying his girl's books.

There's was a warm, relaxed and quite conventional relationship. They broke out with all the symptoms of two nice young people whose hearts beat as one. It wasn't a dress up thing, or a party-going thing. They preferred to be off by themselves doing simple, everyday things out of character with the picture of flaming youth that Tuesday's publicity has conjured up.

When she was with Dick, Tuesday wouldn't bother to put on make-up. Often

as not she would wear a simple sweater and skirt. Dick would call for her wearing a blue work shirt and faded blue jeans. Tuesday would eagerly pack picnic lunches and spend the day sailing on Dick's boat. Their outdoor dates left her radiant and rosy cheeked. On the set of *High Time*, they were constantly holding hands. Where Tuesday was, Dick would promptly appear, his hand resting affectionately on her shoulder, or slipping around her waist.

If it wasn't love, it would do—as the song says—love love came along.

All of this gave rise to much speculation that Dick Beymer had finally moved the mystery of Tuesday Weld—that he was the first man to gently lift away the pretense and let the double talk, and expose the hidden heart she has secreted so deeply inside her.

But then this theory was blown to smithereens by what happened next. Because, if Dick has finally found and captured Tuesday's hidden heart, Tuesday could never have offered it up to Elvis—or, at least, offered Elvis the same chance as Dick of capturing it.

Nan Morris wasn't the only one who thought it would be a great idea to introduce Elvis and Tuesday. Unknown to Nan, Elvis himself had the same appealing idea percolating in his mind. When he copied his sideburns and put on G.I. tags to sail for Europe, his announced target was Brigitte Bardot. But the bewitching French beauty foiled him by marrying.

Elvis' thoughts, naturally, turned to other trophies. While he served his two-year stint in the army, he kept tea bag war veterans' and an untamed, golden-haired teen-ager who was standing Hollywood on its ear. Tuesday Weld.

Upon his arrival in Hollywood, Elvis started work on two projects: picking up the threads of his interrupted career, and arranging as soon as possible a meeting with Tuesday Weld. He and his familiar entourage no sooner checked into the Beverly Wilshire than Elvis set about turning the town upside down to find someone who could introduce him to Tuesday. He first was advised to contact his old friend Nan Morris, who just happened to be a pal of Tuesday's.

Nan was elated to act as go-between in a dream romance which had long since fired her imagination.

"Not only have I been dying for you to meet Elvis," Nan said excitedly when she phoned Tuesday, "but guess what? He's dying to meet you."

Really? There was a faint trace of awakening interest in Tuesday's voice now. "Come on," Nan pleaded, "I'll take you over, and you'll see for yourself how great he is."

So two days after Elvis hit town, the historic meeting took place. Nan and Tuesday dropped in to visit Elvis at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. They got out of the elevator on Elvis' floor, and they walked to Elvis' suite. The place was crowded, as usual, with Elvis cronies from back home.

This historic moment, like so many historic moments, was disappointingly calm. It was almost awkward.

Nan tapped Elvis on the shoulder, and he [Please turn the page]

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turned around to see Tuesday standing there, a quizzical expression on her face. "I'd like you to meet a friend of mine Tuesday Weld," Nan said, as if she'd brought her over just by chance.

Well, hello!" Elvis said pleasantly, as if meeting her were a casual experience and not really the obsession it had become. "How are you?"

Although the introduction was accompanied by the most ordinary pleasantries, Elvis picked up steam. A moment later he was asking Tuesday if she'd like to have a cup of coffee with him in the other room. There, off by themselves, they talked for the remainder of the evening. And the chemical reaction, slow to get underway, started to generate sparks.

"I'd like to see you again sometime," Elvis said to Tuesday, when she and Nan were leaving.

I think that would be fun," said Tuesday. So the time came what to be the following evening. Pretty soon they were dating regularly. Members of Elvis' and Tuesday's inner circle were saying it was true love. They began to speculate on whether Elvis would name Tuesday, or Tuesday would name Elvis. And—most important—since Dick Beymer had let it slip away, would Elvis be the one to find—and keep—Tuesday's elusive secret heart?

If Elvis had read anywhere that Tuesday was an easy mark, that was the first foolish notion he was forced to kiss good-by. He let it out in a hurry that Tuesday is a girl who values herself.

Most of Elvis' girl friends have worshipped at his feet, but that never has been Tuesday's style. And she hasn't altered her style since she met Elvis. She didn't immediately drop all other boy friends to prove to Elvis that she preferred him. In fact she wasn't at all sure that she preferred him. She went on dating Dick Beymer and she saw Elvis only when the mood suited her and other obligations didn't interfere.

That was the first step in the taming of Elvis. He realized very soon that if their friendship was to be governed by anyone's moods, it would be Tuesday's moods, not his. She was not at his beck and call, and did not plant herself by the telephone.

This was an educational experience for Elvis. It annoyed him but it also intrigued and tickled him. One thing he liked from the start about Tuesday was that she had no need to exploit him for publicity. Her legend, as he well knew, already was airborne. This was a welcome change from the many starlets who could—and did—profit enormously from having their names linked with his.

But while Tuesday liked El, she did not go ape over him. She was feminine enough to enjoy having Dick Beymer and Elvis fight over her. But Dick had his own standards. At first he tried to conceal any hint of jealousy. He rejected such feelings as unfitting. If he let Tuesday's dates with Elvis bother him, he was admitting that he was insecure. But pride nevertheless won over reason and he cooled towards her.

On Tuesday's part, the minute a fellow gets possessive she demonstrates how unpossessed she is. She felt under no obligation to forego the company of other people. She saw no reason why Dick should object to her

dating Elvis. Dick, on the other hand, could see no reason why she should want to date Elvis if she liked him.

Their relationship became distant if not downright icy, although that doesn't mean that it will not flame up again. In the final days of the shooting of *High Time*, their once starry-eyed rapport changed to embarrassed silences and conscious efforts to avoid contact. As the mournful victim of the squeeze, Beymer found solace with pretty blonde Kitty Regan, a young bit player on the picture.

Before they couldn't keep their mites off each other," was the blunt observation of one person who saw it all take place. "At the finish he was on one end of the set, and Tuesday was on the other. I think their romance was dead. And it did happen about the time she started dating Elvis."

There is little doubt that Tuesday was saddened at this turn of events. But her sadness was exceeded by her outrage that Dick should feel he had proprietary claims on her. Perhaps most saddened of all was Tuesday's mother, who thought very highly of Beymer.

I'm really very sorry they seem to have had a misunderstanding," she said. "Dick is such a fine boy."

It was a dubious triumph for Elvis when Beymer withdrew in a huff. Tuesday had not really chosen Elvis over Dick. She merely had refused to give up Elvis for Dick. If the pressure had been the other way around, she would have refused just as stoutly to stop seeing Dick to please Elvis. If Elvis won at all, he won by default, not conquest. In short, Dick's retirement from the field certainly did not mean that Elvis had tamed Tuesday.

Elvis soon learned that Tuesday was even more unpredictable than her publicity had led him to expect. He discovered the truth of her mother's cryptic statement, "Tuesday has two lives—her own life and the life the public thinks she has."

El and Tuesday were very secretive about their dates when they started seeing each other, and they have been entirely clam-mouthed when it comes to discussing the matter. They avoid public places, and so their romance has been unspectacular. Very often, more chaperoned than either might prefer, she will meet him amid a sea of his friends in his Beverly Wilshire suite, have coffee and sandwiches with him, watch television and have little jam sessions in

which Elvis will pick at his guitar and Tuesday will play the 12-string Chinese lute her mother bought her in Stockholm.

On other occasions, they take long drives and have philosophical conversations that make them lose track of time. They confide their mutual loneliness, compare their frustrations, reveal their yearnings, and ponder on what they really want out of life.

They find themselves drawn together by a common hunger—a hunger for an island of warmth and reality in the world of fantasy over which they reign. An island that permits them simplicity and sincerity, an island that might provide communication and understanding between two people who have all but despaired of such luxuries.

Elvis likes her because she's not like so many of the other girls he's dated, says Nat Morris. "Almost all of them seem to be after something. Elvis knows that Tuesday isn't."

If anything, Elvis might prefer it if Tuesday were a little awed, and if she did want to exploit him or just a bit. In that case, he might not find her quite so elusive. Although they get along well, Tuesday does not surrender her independence in the process.

She is just as mercurial as ever with Elvis. Part of the honesty he respects compels her to respond to her own moods even when they conflict with Elvis' desires—or even when they upset plans on which they agreed. Tuesday turned out to be an entirely new and breathless encounter for Elvis.

He finds her as changeable as quicksilver. Sometimes, without even bothering to tell her mother where she's going, Tuesday turns up the back stairs of her hillside home and meets Elvis and his friends in a waiting Cadillac. They don't get back until the first faint paleness of dawn, even though she has an early morning call.

On other evenings, Tuesday simply will not feel like seeing him, and will break their dates without explanation. Elvis, unconcerned, stood up, showed up stag on three different occasions at the Crescendo, the Chester and the Crown on Sunset Strip.

Perhaps Elvis already has begun to suspect that he is not about to be able to figure out Tuesday before she figures herself out. There are times when her eyes may be dewy with bridal dreams. But a moment later, tired of the Hollywood rat race, she might seriously entertain notions of entering a convent or spending a year in a finishing school in Switzerland.

Probably more because of inner ferment than conscious desire, Tuesday has kept Elvis guessing—and kept him hopping. Elvis has been fairly overrun by beauties who follow him with unquestioning adoration. Most girls Elvis has known gladly would give up their world for his. Tuesday might be willing to make room for Elvis in her world, but it's unlikely that she would ever give it up.

If any taming is being done, Tuesday is doing it, and Presley is the bemused one on the receiving end. It's been ages since Hollywood has had a man-tamer of Tuesday Weld's taken.

And if you doubt it, just ask Richard Beymer or Elvis Presley.

—BY WILLIAM T. SHER



Marlon Brando

(Continued from page 32)

and they would listen to records, play chess or scrabble, or read each other poems and passages from their favorite books. Once he recorded her favorite poems, and she played the record in her dressing room continually.

To make it easier for him to visit her without detection, she moved out of her hotel apartment and into a ground floor apartment that had its own entrance off the street and that did not have a doorman.

She did not even confide in her mother who remained living alone in a small West End Avenue apartment, or in her manager, Candy Jones. Marlon was her big, precious secret, and she made sure it remained that way.

When Marlon came into France's life, she was a much-praised young star. Barely 19, she had already been featured in the movies, *South Pacific* and *In Love With You*.

Marlon found in her a winsome girl of spirit, gay, independent, and forthright. Full of imagination, she made her own Christmas gifts, sewed her own clothes, decorated her own apartment. Well beyond her years, she read philosophy, religion, poetry.

But he also found in her a murky residue of fears, bitter memories, suspicion, and feelings of being unloved, unwanted and abandoned.

He must have found this exciting combination of delight and sorrow, girlishness and womanhood quite fascinating, because he kept coming back to her.

Perhaps France aroused his missionary instinct, his desire to aid a distressed soul. This deep feeling had also aroused love in him for Anna Kashfi when she lay in the hospital, fighting tuberculosis, and he had confided to a friend, "She's alone and sick and has no body to take care of her." This feeling had brought him to the French girl, Josanne Mariani Berenger, a would-be actress who was given over to his psychiatrist's children when he met her. It had led him to Rita Moreno, Muriel, Barbara Luna, all struggling young actresses in need of friendship and love.

This urge to help the less fortunate had led Marlon to pay for Josanne's rent and for a self-improvement course at a modeling school. It had led him to sending some of his girl friends and some buddies to psychiatrists and helping them pay for treatment. It had turned him into a Santa Claus, a volunteer welfare worker, who listened to his friends' woes, loaned them money and got them jobs.

In the case of France, she was already going to a psychiatrist at the urging of her Broadway producer, Josh Logan. Marlon approved of France's being analyzed and told her that he, too, had gone to a psychiatrist for several years.

Marlon had once said, "What gives me great pleasure in acting is trying to find people who have broken personalities or people who are in such a position that, through

ignorance and misunderstanding, they have to suffer censure from people. I think the crime of the world is not really evil but simply a lack of communication, a lack of understanding and a lack of patience."

As a kid, Marlon used to prefer the ugly duckling girls, possibly because he felt sorry for them.

Of course, Marlon has also romanced gorgeous glamour girls, but he's never loved them or respected them. As far back as his first hit play, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, he used to tell his pals about his amours with aggressive female stars. "She's a one high, stand and she doesn't deserve anything better." She wanted me because of my name, and not because I'm a man.

With all his girl friends he has sought eagerly for proof they loved him for himself and not for his fame. As soon as they tried to cash in on their romance, he left them. In this respect, France has been perfect. She quit giving interviews when gossip columnists recorded her dates with Marlon. She learned to ape Marlon in evading the press. She started to use dark glasses and false names to avoid publicity.

When she went to Hollywood last February, to join Marlon, she did not leave her Hollywood address with her mother, her personal manager, or even her Hollywood agent. She just disappeared.

When she was ill with bronchitis last September, Marlon persuaded her to take a one-week vacation in Haiti and they traveled as Dr. Miles Graham and Miss Tiny Vauanga. When a photographer recognized them at the Miami airport, she tried to knock the camera out of his hand. Her hostility to the press and her obsession about her right of privacy matches Marlon's.

Of course, Marlon is 35 to her 21, a difference of 14 years. But, he is a robust 5'7" and she is a mature 21, she was 21 on July 31, and neither is new to romance. His romances have been many. She had been engaged to marry an older Italian Count at 16, after a two-year friendship, but she decided she did not love him and refused to marry him. In New York, she had many dates with Tab Hunter, who was entranced by her and called her the "fairbook princess." She had a crush on the much older author of *The World Of Suzi Wong*, Richard Macon, and she had dated New York actors. Usually the men were older and gave her a nice feeling of understanding and protection.

Marlon and France have another bond: they come from broken homes and are struggling via psychiatry to come on the dark childhood scars of their unhappiness. Marlon seems to have a profound guilt complex about his late beautiful mother, Dorothy Fennelaker, and not helping her enough. France seems to hate her father, Louis Nuyven, a Chinese seaman who was not home when she was born in Marseilles and whom she has seen only a dozen or so times in all her life.

She also has a complex of feelings about her mother, a French seamstress, Julie Mazant, who never recovered from the ravages of wartime malnutrition and came to New York with France in January of 1947 for medical care. We think cracked, she explained once. She sees one way—I see another. Whenever France's father came into [Please turn the page]

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port, France would move out of the apartment and not return until he was gone.

Now that France is living in Hollywood—possibly as Mrs. Marlon Brando—she still mails her mother money, but does not enclose a letter or return address. Obviously France has cut herself off from her parents and has found a new security figure in Marlon.

Marlon, still friendly with his father, has been living a fiercely independent personal life for many years. So Marlon and France have in common an intense desire to live their own lives without family influences.

They also share an international feeling. Marlon has traveled extensively, has spoken up for the need of a world government, has tried to finance a movie about the UN's technical assistance program in Southeast Asia, and has always been attracted to people of foreign ancestry.

France, in turn, has traveled considerably, can speak French as well as English, and is studying Italian, Spanish, German, Russian.

Like Marlon, she is angry at anti-foreign attitudes of some Americans. "This is a racist country," she said in 1958. "I am more discriminated against here than in France."

Despite her broad compassion for humanity, she copies Marlon in a deep suspicion of would-be friends. She said in 1958 when she was still giving interviews, "I have no friends. I have never had friends, except perhaps one, in France, whom I met when I was seventeen. I do not trust anybody because I am afraid of being hurt. Even one word can hurt me terribly so I have this wall around me, and no one can get through."

Marlon, too, makes friends easily. "How do I make a friend? I go about it gently. I circle around and around . . . and then gradually come nearer."

Marlon and France, then, have a bond in their status of strangers, caution with new friends, suspicion of newspapermen. They also share a distrust of acting as a fulfilling career.

Being an actor is a hard life," Marlon said recently, explaining why he was learning to direct and produce. France, after making her two movies, said, "I am not an actress. What I am, I don't know. But an actress, that I am not."

Yet both like the security that money and fame brings. Marlon admits he enjoys the traveling and the fame that enables him to meet anybody he wants. France saves her money to the point of stinginess. When she was earning \$500 a week in *The World Of Suzie Wong* on Broadway she was making dresses and sewing her own dresses.

Both are distressed by overweight. Marlon was a pudgy kid, and still goes on diets periodically. France has a severe need for food and knows it. "I eat," she says. "I know it is bad for me. I feel guilty about it. Some people like feeling guilty. I complain how miserable I am. And everyone says, 'Poor France'—she cannot eat. I love it the way it is."

Marlon and France feel the same way about glamour parties. He prefers espresso cafes and out of the way small restaurants. She boasted recently, "I only do things that satisfy me now. I don't see why I have to do what people expect. In Hollywood, when I wouldn't go to the parties, they said I was uncivilized and called me 'The Little Savage.'"

They also share a highly emotional approach to living. "Marlon is intense in everything he does, whether acting, reading, eating dinner, or playing chess or bongo drums," Rita Moreno once said. France is also intense about everything she does. When she decided she ought to learn to ride a horse she rented a horse, Cream Puff, and rode in Central Park. The horse threw her but she just got up and mounted the horse and kept trying. When the hour was up, she could neither ride nor post. She kept returning and renting the same horse in rain or snow, always falling all the time but managing to always land safely. In time, she was black and blue and could barely creak through her performance in *Suzie Wong*—but she would not quit.

Their religious beliefs are mystical. Marlon once said the only true religion is in India and Bali, and his father once observed that "if Marlon had not become an actor, he would have been a minister." He studies Zen Buddhism, an exotic creed growing more popular among American intellectuals with its message of gentle acceptance of your fate.

France is fatalistic, too. She said once, "I am a stone. I go where I'm kicked." Another time she confided, "Things come to me. I do the best I can. If they don't come to me, I don't go after them." She believes in reincarnation and would like to know who she is reincarnated from.

Like Brando, she never finished her schooling and would like to go to college. They both have great intellectual curiosity, and France says, "The triumph is to be content all my life, to understand fears and not be afraid any longer, to understand people and everything around me." Marlon, too, has educated himself through reading, traveling, studying, and is a very well informed man.

Perhaps their greatest bond is their love for children.

Marlon is utterly devoted to his little son, Christian David, and has been battling Anna Kashfi courts for more liberal visitation rights. He probably delayed ending his marriage to Anna because of his love for the baby.

France, too, is just as wild about children. An only child brought up in a fatherless impoverished home, she has always yearned for brothers or sisters. Last September when she was still in the show *The World Of Suzie Wong*, she developed an obsession about having a child.

She kept talking about a baby, and begged her manager, Candy Jones, to help her adopt a baby. Although she was told that it was impossible for an unmarried girl to adopt a baby, she would not give up the idea. In time, she developed the regular symptoms of pregnancy. But of course, it was false pregnancy, a known and documented medical phenomenon, usually contracted by women who have hypnotized themselves into believing they are pregnant because of their tremendous desire to be so.

Obviously, Marlon and France have many things in common—needs, feelings, attitudes, likes and dislikes. She's his type, judging by his irresistible attraction to exotic brunettes. And he's her type, judging by her past attraction to older, strong, intellectual-type men.

Her attitude toward men is more European than American. She believes a wife should submit happily to a strong husband and that she ought to be dominated and taken care of. Marlon, in turn, has always seemed happier with foreign born girls.

There's a lot to bring them together. But if they are married, or if they marry, can they stay married? That is the question.

Perhaps Marlon is still haunted by memories of a first marriage in which his wife was exposed in the newspapers as not really an Indian girl. Perhaps he is still distressed by memories of his unhappy mother. Both he and France come from broken homes and they may hesitate to marry and possibly repeat the pattern.

Perhaps Marlon is not yet over his cynical conception of girls as good only for "one-night stands." Perhaps he is still afraid that girls want him for his fame rather than for himself.

It is a little hard to tell if France is really in love with Marlon just as he fell in love with Anna Kashfi when she was ill with TB and had "no one to take care of her." But it is sympathy, a strong enough foundation for a lasting marriage.

With France and Marlon the strong protective security she seems to be seeking, Will Marlon become bored and annoyed with the constancy demanded by marriage, and then disappear one night as he did with Anna Kashfi?

Is he really ready for another marriage? Will she be happy to be a housewife and mother, and forget her own career? After all, she displayed enormous shrewdness, drive and talent in her short, spectacular career, and it probably whetted her appetite for greater fame.

Perhaps her sad condition, overweight or happy, her career at a standstill, has made her all the more attractive to Marlon, whose compassion for girls in distress is legendary.

But they have problems to solve. Both are extra sensitive people. Marlon is so thin skinned that he can walk into a big room and sense it if only one person is hostile. He cannot bear arguments or fights. France, too, is easily hurt. She wept at a reporter once.

You try to make a trap for me with questions . . . My feelings are easy to get hurt," she quips and broods, with hurt and with draws from the world for days and weeks until she feels better.

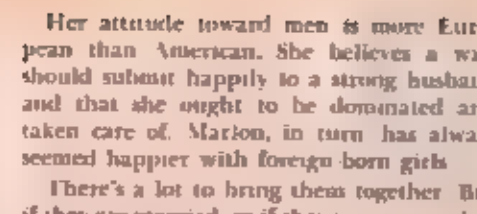
Being so sensitive to words and moods can they get along with each other after the honeymoon is over and the pressures of marriage face them?

Perhaps their marriage cannot come up to the excitement of their courtship, inflated as it was by future meetings, long distance calls, headline publicity, long separations and sweet reunions. What then?

How about their temperaments? Can Marlon's introverted calmness cope with France's peaks of depression and elation? Can he be both a father figure and a lover husband to her? Can they forget they are headliners, and become just man and woman to each other?

Maybe Marlon and France don't know. All we know is that right now, it is a marriage that neither France nor Marlon will discuss—but we hope love will find a way.

—BY HELEN MARTIN



Kim Novak

Continued from page 42

flowers to enter as husband and wife.

What has happened to the Quine-Novak wedding? When will they marry? Will they ever marry? There is only one person who can answer these questions honestly and openly. That person is Kim, herself. And here are her answers exactly as she told them to reporter George Galloway, Jr.

One of the first men in my life when I came to Hollywood was Richard Quine. He gave me my first screen test.

Today—seven years later—Dick Quine is still in my life. But there's a difficulty.

Now I love him and want to marry him. I want to marry Dick more than anything in the world. For in me a woman's life is not complete without marriage . . . and I sincerely believe Dick can give me everything I'd want of a husband.

There's nothing to keep us from getting married except the final decision by the two of us alone to take the big step.

What's stopping it then?

Dick and I both agree that marriage is the most important step in a person's life, and we don't want to take it until we're absolutely certain we can go all the way together as man and wife.

Dick's been married twice and he knows from his own experience why I've taken so long to make up my mind. I don't ever want to regret my marriage. And the only way I know to insure success in matrimony is to know everything there is to know about your prospective mate before the "I do's" are said.

If you find out something about your man after you're married, it's too late. It could be disastrous.

So far as Dick is concerned, I know more about him than any man I've ever known. I know this woman like "I love him—but I don't want to marry a stranger." Well, perhaps that's it. I don't want to marry a stranger.

While I love Dick, I still feel that the real test of love will be marriage. That's when love is fulfilled all the way. So, in that respect, there are two stages of love in my vocabulary—love before marriage and love after marriage.

In the first step—the one I'm in now—love is the strong feeling of attachment which grows out of sympathetic understanding and, more importantly, ardent affection.

I've never felt the same way about any other man, although you might find that hard to believe from stories you've read about me.

It seems any time I am seen in public with a man, the gossip columnists immediately whip it up into a new romance with all the trimmings of love.

Well, it's not true. It never has been. Yes, I've gone out with many men, but I've never been in love with any of them.

My fans—thanks to the gossip columnists who've never bothered to check the facts—have been led to believe I've been in love with such men as the late Aly Khan, Count



Kim Novak

Continued from page 42

Mario Bandini, Mack Kraus, Anthony Quinn, Cary Grant, John Braden, the stock broker and many many others.

The fact that none of these men were married made no difference to the writers. Of course, it has been embarrassing to every one concerned, including myself, the men and their wives and families. I suppose to some extent it's been my fault because I've refused to comment about them.

When I first came under the spotlight of these rumors, my studio advised me to forget them. They said that whatever was being written about me would be quickly forgotten.

But I didn't believe it would. So when ever anyone said anything about me that wasn't true, I'd deny it.

Now I don't feel like doing that any more. I just let the rumor mongers regale in their falsehoods. And I have a very good reason. I am not annoyed any more at what's said about me. I guess you get numbed to these things after a while.

Let me show you some examples of the many times rumor mongers have had me in love and on the verge of marriage and let me pull the curtain open upon the truth. Take Aly Khan for instance.

Because he let my parents and me use his villa, the Chateau de Chillon in Valais, France, and because he had taken me out a few times in New York, Aly and I were reported "ready to announce our marriage." The truth of it is my relationship with Aly was strictly friendship. There were no ulterior motives.

Aly was a true and sincere friend. He was a fine man whom I greatly respected—one of my favorite people of all time.

Last March 26th when I flew from Los Angeles to London, I stopped off at Idlewild Airport in New York to change planes. It was six in the morning when we landed and who should be at the airport but Aly. He'd heard that I was on my way to England and he simply came to the airport to say hello.

That's the kind of friend he was, a true friend. But we were not in love.

Another example is the time I was kissed in Paris by Anthony Quinn. That was last summer when I was visiting, he'd rich capital and met Tony there during a break in the filming of his picture, *The Stranger In Town*.

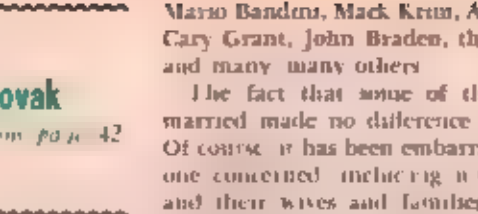
He took me for a tour of the Paris market to show me what he called "the belly of Paris—the place where you see what you're going to eat tomorrow."

Tony was all excited about the "sniffs and the 'feel' and 'touch' of life, as he called it. So, in his enthusiasm he kissed me on the cheek.

What a lot of noise the newspapers made over that one. They printed the picture and intimated strongly that Tony and his wife, Catherine, were breaking up because of me.

Then there was the time in Rome when I took my parents on a tour of Europe. Count Bandini met us at lunch. He has been a friend since 1936 when I went to the Eternal City for the first time to make a film.

No sooner had word gotten out that the Count had joined us at a restaurant, than stories flashed from Rome that I'd presented a "long burning Italian flame" to my parents. [Please turn the page]



Kim Novak

Continued from page 42

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Kim Novak

Continued from page 42

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the children, they hurried into the car and began the drive to the airport at Nice. Accompanying them was the Rev. Francis Tucker, spiritual advisor to the Royal Family of Monaco, and Phyllis Blum, secretary to the Princess.

The month of June is the best time of year on the fabulous Riviera. The drive from Monaco to Nice was usually an exciting adventure, following twisted highways cut out of the sides of steep mountains, overlooking the brilliant blue Mediterranean far below and speeding past all the lovely fields and roofs of southern France. But on this day the thoughtful dry eyes of the Princess seemed oblivious to the beauties around her. The cold and empty feeling in her heart was not warmed by the hot sun which beat against the windows of the swift-moving car.

Her father had always been impatient, in a hurry to finish what he started, to get to the top and then carve out new horizons and conquer them. He was such a big man, handsome and sure of himself, and so filled with the joys of life. He had cared so deeply about his children, and worked hard all his life for their happiness. Was it really possible that he was gone?

The drive to Nice seemed endless. The Princess held tightly to her husband's hand, feeling somehow his calm strength helping her to be strong, too. Ahead of her, she knew, would be the pain of seeing her mother in grief, and the final solemn emptiness of the once-happy house in Philadelphia. Ahead of her were many days of shared anguish and constant memories and words to remind her of the terrible loss. But beside her, now, sat her husband—her future. She smiled at him, grateful for his strength and for their happiness together, and he seemed to know what she was thinking. No words were necessary between them.

At last they reached the airport, and were escorted aboard the huge jet. The plane took off within a few moments after they all were settled in their seats.

High over the European countryside, Princess Grace looked out at the sky and tried to realize fully what shock and grief had told her could not be true. Her father would not be there, ever again, to beam proudly and fondly at them. She would see him only once again, in death, and then never in her lifetime. Her children would never know their grandfather nor benefit by his wisdom and blessings.

But that wasn't really true. Little Caroline already knew by heart a prayer which John Kelly had put together for his four children when they were tiny. Grace had taught it to her, and it was a daily ritual before meals in the nursery as it had been years ago in the house in Philadelphia.

Peggy, the eldest Kelly girl, would start off with, "Bless us, Oh Lord, and these Thy gifts we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ our Lord." Then Kell, whose real name was John, Jr., and who was two years older than Grace, would say his part, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Next it was Grace's turn to say, "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way." Little Lianne always ended with "Amen." Now John Kelly's prayer was taught by his children to his royal grandchildren. His wisdom, his blessings were still upon them.

The Kelly children had been brought up strictly by these concepts, and at his 67th birthday, Mr. Kelly had said, "None of my children has ever given me any heartache, and I appreciate that."

Suddenly the sound of the jet motors was deadened and the warning signal lights went on. They were landing in London for a brief stopover and then would begin the final ocean-hop to New York. It was late in the day now—by early morning they would be in America. The car from Philadelphia was to meet them at Idlewild Airport and within a few hours they would be in the house in Philadelphia.

As the plane took off again, Grace remembered her father's words when she first told him that she wanted to become an actress. "If you go into something like this," he had told her, "you must dedicate yourself to it. You can't do it half-way. There will be many hard sacrifices, pleasures you will have to forego in order to get where you are going. And once you reach the top, you become public property. You will have no privacy. The public will make strenuous demands on you, constantly. Are you willing to pay that price?"

She had answered firmly, yes. He gave her his blessing then, and never tried to dissuade her from the path she had chosen. And now she knew how right he had been.

As quickly as the giant jet plane sped through the skies, the thoughts of the Princess of Monaco flew backwards to the countless memories of her father. His pride in having risen from bricklayer to multimillionaire. His disappointment when Grace stayed home from sports events to read a book. His joy when he escorted her down the aisle of the chapel in Monaco that memorable day in 1956.

Grace pressed her forehead sadly against the cool window of the plane. She knew that for the rest of her life she would go on tripping over little memories in her mind, only to stumble freshly upon the emptiness there. His death was like a wrenching away of a vital part of her life, leaving a wound which would never quite heal. And yet—he had taught his children to be strong and independent. It was up to them now—up to her and the others—to go on living the way he

had taught them, without him. Without him... Yes, the wound was still very new and painful.

Grace was startled when the hostess came to tell them that the plane was about to land in New York. She had felt suspended between two points in time—the past back in Monaco, before that tragic phone call, and the future which would thrust itself upon her as soon as the plane touched ground. The future without her father. The feeling of floating somewhere between the two worlds had been pleasant, but unreal. Suddenly, she was looking forward impatiently to joining her family. Their loss was as great as hers.

They landed with a final roaring blast from the engines and taxied to a stop at the customs gate. As rising monarchs, they and their party were exempt from customs inspection and official red tape, but they waited until all the other passengers had left the plane before they made their exit. Near the landing strip, the Kelly car waited for them. Newsmen were waiting, too, and Grace relented to their pleas, and agreed to a short news conference. Then they were on their way to Philadelphia.

In silence, they watched the highways of Long Island speed past them. The wide bridge into Manhattan, and then the bustling streets of New York City which Grace had loved and called home for a little while. The car wound through several side streets, and then across the city and into the long Lincoln Tunnel. At last they were on the New Jersey Turnpike, and Philadelphia was almost in sight.

They rode without conversation until the car entered Philadelphia and crossed the Schuylkill River into the quiet suburb of East Falls. At last they entered Henry Street and rolled up the long wide driveway. A huge funeral wreath hung on the door of the big house. At the sight of it, Grace suddenly felt herself giving way again to the tears which she thought had dried within her. She held tightly to her husband's firm hand. "Oh, Rainier, I don't want to cry in front of Mother," she whispered.

The house, which usually was filled with laughter and the buoyant presence of its builder, now seemed strangely quiet and desolate in its mourning. The emptiness which she had been dreading was now fully upon them, even in the air of the driveway and the lawn. No one rushed out to greet her as they usually did, but as they approached the front door, Mrs. Kelly herself opened it for them. She was alone in the hallway, in the dim light just inside the door. Grace and Rainier walked quickly out of the glaring sun and into the big, still house.

Grace broke away from her husband as they entered the hall. The tears which had been welling up inside her now burst uncontrolled from her throat, and this time there was no reason to stop them. She was home at last.

Mrs. Kelly opened her arms to her daughter. As Prince Rainier stood quietly beside them, Princess Grace rushed to her mother, with a sob. "Oh, Mother... Mother... I'm home..."

The great clock in the hall, another of John Kelly's proud possessions, unhurriedly ticked the time away, while the heavy gold pendulum swung steadily back and forth in the quiet gloom.—BY MAUDE WILLIS

BULLETIN BOARD

By Mary Fiore

Engagements

June 6: Sammy Davis, Jr., and May Britt announced they would marry after May's divorce from her first husband, Edward Gregson, becomes final on September 28th. Davis was formerly wed to singer Lory White.

June 7: Jason Robards, Jr., plans to wed actress Rachel Taylor in New York City. It will be the second marriage for Robards, the first for Miss Taylor.

Births

May 23: Mr. and Mrs. James MacArthur welcomed their first child, a son Charles, in New York City.

May 31: Mrs. Arthur Loew, Jr., presented her husband with a son, Gerald Zukor Loew, in Doctor's Hospital in New York City. It was the first child for Loew, the third for his wife who was formerly wed to Nico Minardos and Tyrone Power.

Marriages

June 9: Eartha Kitt wed real estate executive William McDonald at her home in Hollywood, California. It was the first marriage for each.



Tommy & Nancy

Continued from page 46

happiness. How I wish it wasn't that way." Tommy smiled easily as he said, "Well, I guess we're lucky. That's one thing we won't ever have to do—fight for our happiness. We've already got it."

"You're wrong, darling," Nancy said. "I wish you were right, but you're wrong."

"Of all the people who ever lived in that jungle called Hollywood we are going to have to fight the hardest." She looked down at the city again. "Not to find our happiness, but to keep it! And it's starting already—they are trying to hurt us already. Oh, Tommy darling, why are they saying those ugly, terrible things?"

"You know about that, don't you?" he asked, his voice low and gentle.

She nodded slowly. "Yes," she murmured softly. "I know. And I know how to fight it, too, and keep our love!"

Tommy and Nancy's mature grasp of the problems that will assault their marriage is perhaps the only real weapon they have to defend it. And no one knows better than Nancy of the uncertainties that are ready to beset their futures.

Already criticism has been aimed and fired at them.

"The Sinatra girl isn't even waiting until

Splits

May 31: Myrna Loy was granted a Mexican divorce from her fourth husband, Howard H. Sargeant. She charged Sargeant with incompatibility and did not reveal their property settlement. Myrna, who was formerly wed to Arthur Hornblower, John Hertz and Gene Markey, wed Sargeant at Fort Myer, Virginia, on June 2, 1951.

June 1: Andra Martin filed suit for divorce from Ty Hardin in Los Angeles. Andra charged grievous mental and physical suffering and asked for custody of their 7-month-old twin sons, Jeff and John. Andra and Ty married on August 30, 1958.

June 14: Laraine Day obtained a Mexican divorce from Leo Durocher on ground of incompatibility. Married in 1947, the couple separated in August, 1959. Durocher will provide \$250 a month for their adopted children Melinda, 16, and Chris, 15.

Annulments

June 11: The 1950 Mexican proxy marriage of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini was annulled by the Roman courts on the grounds that Ingrid's Mexican divorce from her first husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, was not final at the time of the marriage. Now that the Rossellini-Bergman marriage has been ruled never to have existed, the problem and custody of the children it produced, Robertino, 10, and twins Isabella and Isotta, 8, have yet to be settled. Ingrid is currently married to producer Lars Schmidt.

Deaths

June 20: John B. Kelly, Sr., 70, father of Princess Grace of Monaco, died at his home in Philadelphia, Pa., of intestinal cancer. He had recently undergone surgery. The fabulous Mr. Kelly was a colorful example of success—American style. He rose from a bricklayer to a wealthy businessman, sportsman and patron of the arts.

she's married to the guy," one detractor has said. "She's trying to change him now!" The charge was born of a simple gift Nancy had given Tommy, an engagement book.

Shortly after the announcement of their engagement Nancy noticed that Tommy was suffering from a severe case of absent-mindedness.

They'd be out riding in the car, singing together in time to a tune on the radio, when Tommy would suddenly slap his forehead and exclaim, "Ye gods, what time is it? I'm late. I forgot. I should have been at Capitol Records an hour ago. Holy smokes, fourteen musicians and a crew of engineers are sitting there wondering where the heck I am."

According to a buddy, "Tommy spends half his life calling up friends and professional associates to say, 'I'm sorry, I forgot.'"

Hoping to ease the situation Nancy said, "Honey, you've just got to get organized." She bought Tommy a big, beautiful appointment book.

Less than two weeks later he was calling Wick. "Ted, I think I've got a date with someone at three this afternoon, but I'm not sure with who. Do you remember?"

"What about your appointment book? I know you put it down," asked Wick with a sigh.

"That's the trouble," replied Tommy. "I can't find the book!"

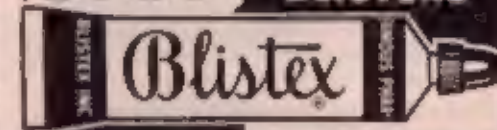
Everyone who knows Tommy knows and tolerates this annoying side of his character. After all, *nobody* is perfect.

Was Nancy's gift a subtle indication that [Please turn the page]

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Mr. and Mrs. Smith's the name—but Roger and wife Vicki Shaw are anything but plain.

the will attempt to "make something of him," that she wants to change him?

Not at all. The appointment book was simply a thoughtful and helpful suggestion. But like everything else that will happen between them from now on, it was misunderstood.

Recently, a Hollywood columnist, ostensibly interested in the doings of the young couple, started asking questions about them. He was told that Tommy had an engagement in Vancouver, and Nancy had gone to Vancouver, from Hollywood, with him. "Of course," it was pointed out, "Mrs. Sinatra went with them as chaperone."

The columnist seemed satisfied. A few minutes later, however, the phone at the Sinatra home jingled insistently.

"I'd like to speak to Mrs. Sinatra," the answering maid heard the voice on the other end say.

"Mrs. Sinatra isn't here," replied the maid.

"Oh, I guess she's gone up to Las Vegas," said the columnist, hoping to trap the maid.

"No, Mrs. Sinatra is in Vancouver, with her daughter," corrected the maid.

The columnist, as might be suspected, is a long-time enemy of Frank Sinatra's foes care little how they hurt him—or his daughter.

As young as Nancy is she knows that she and Tommy have innocently, but irrevocably, inherited the ready-made army of those who are out to get Sinatra.

"They'll never make it," says one acquaintance. "Look, they are both children of divorced parents. At the first quarrel, at the first sight of misery during the long separations they will have to endure, at the first feeling of boredom, which Nancy will certainly experience during Tommy's frequent absences, she will probably run home to mother."

"I know it sounds like unfair speculation about a couple of nice kids, but look at the record."

Although the above remark at first seems unkind, there is, unfortunately, considerable basis for it and the speculation is not nearly as unrealistic as the quick contradictions might make it seem.

Divorce, for years, has been Hollywood's easy solution to marital troubles. It is simple, accepted and inexpensive, involving a five-to-ten minute appearance in court, less time, ironically, than it takes to marry.

Nancy is young, beautiful and vivacious. She sparkles with fresh maturity and a love of life, two of the qualities Tommy adores in her. What will happen when there are children and Nancy is left alone while Tommy travels to faraway places on night-club engagements?

No one knows—yet.

There is another aspect to the marriage which at the moment is passed over lightly by the principals but it must, sooner or later, be reckoned with.

Nancy is the beautiful and vibrant daughter of Frank Sinatra, often called one of the most dynamic men of the century. One cannot be in her presence for long without sensing the "air of a Sinatra" that hovers about her. Outwardly she shows a proper, feminine calm, but as she speaks there is a light of excitement in her eyes and a curiously restricted timber of urgency in her voice.

Loneliness and inattention are not for Nancy.

Tommy is an extremely sensitive young man. He, too, maintains a superficially unruffled exterior. And yet, many girls have shared the opinion Tuesday Weld once confided, that "Tommy Sands is one of the most deceptively exciting young men in Hollywood."

Tommy's unintentional effect on girls didn't begin with Tuesday. A few years ago, then barely 20, a deep and fervent romance developed between Tommy and Molly Bee.

Neither Molly nor Tommy will discuss the emotional problems that eventually exhausted them and put an end to their romance. But it is common speculation that they were overwhelmed by the impossible-to-solve career problems that loomed before them.

Nancy, too, was weathering the emotional aftermath of a broken romance at the time she met Tommy. A boy she thought she loved. But it took nearly a year of steady dating to discover that what she thought was love was no more than infatuation.

However, one doubting close friend of Nancy's is convinced that Tommy and Nancy fell in love on the rebound from the broken loves in each of their lives.

"Tommy was getting over Molly," he says. "Nancy was getting over her own recent romantic mistake. They were both on the rebound, that's why they hit each other so hard."

Another of Nancy and Tommy's intimate friends says: "It's disgraceful the way the irresponsible members of the anti-Sinatra camp in this town seem to get a kick out of predicting that the kids don't have a chance. They take a savage delight in pointing out that the circumstances between Tommy and Nancy are almost the same as those that once existed between Sinatra and Nancy, Sr. 'And you know how that ended up,' they like to say."

"I was talking with some people the other night and one of them, a dedicated Sinatra-getter, insisted that the reason Frank hasn't commented on Nancy and Tommy's marriage was because he doesn't care, that he is much too engrossed in his own affairs and pleasures to be diverted by the details of being the father of the bride. This is the kind of stuff that floats over the kids all the time. Once they're married they're going to find that the pressure will never let up. It is a subtle, vicious, imaginable form of persecution. I hope they can take it."

Appearance commitments alone will force Tommy to be at certain places at certain times and nothing, in the "show-must-go-on" tradition is considered more important than "being there." A performer can rarely justify the pressure of domestic obligations over his "dates" to night-club managers who are paying him \$5,000 to \$10,000 a week. Wives, home life, children, take a relative "back-seat" in a singer's life. In Tommy's case there will be times when he cannot avoid being separated from Nancy for long periods of time. Frank Sinatra knows it. He doesn't like it.

There is also a persistent rumor that Frank is presently urging his daughter into a career of her own for what have been termed "subtle reasons."

Tommy and Nancy are sure they are in

love. Their engagement and proposed marriage shows that. But some say that Frank wants Nancy to be even more certain she is in love with Tommy.

Again there is justification in Sinatra's reported "plan."

The "subtle reason," according to insiders, is this.

Sinatra feels that if Nancy does pursue a career during Tommy's tour of duty with the Air Force, she can discover *absolutely* whether she is ready to forego the glamour and excitement of a career for the tranquility of being a home-maker.

Neither of her father's suggestions should be interpreted as any attempt on his part to "break them up." Frank is a wise, experienced veteran of more than 20 years as a performer. He remembers what a career took from his own love life. And because he loves Nancy he is ready to figure all the angles, contemplate every possibility for and against his daughter's happiness as Mrs. Tommy Sands.

And if Nancy succumbs to the lure of show business, whether she likes it or not, she will have injected the unspoken but disastrous spirit of competition in her marriage. Two-career marriages that survive in Hollywood are so rare that they are considered the exceptions rather than the rule. There are very few exceptions.

Nancy insists that, "We have no real plans for our lives after the wedding."

"The only thing that will be important to us as husband and wife," says Nancy, "will be doing what makes us both happy. I have no illusions about what people think. I've heard about the jinx we're supposed to be facing. The fact that we're both from homes broken by divorce." Nancy is, presumably, also acutely aware of her father's reputation as a night-club brawler and lady-killer.

"But," she continues, "Tommy and I have our own lives to live. It's easy for others to speculate so unfairly and say that our marriage is impossible. But Tommy and I feel that the only real impossibility is our not marrying."

"I love Tommy. I'll never love any other man but him. It is a sureness I feel in my heart. And knowing that Tommy loves me is—well, what more can a woman ask—from life than to be wanted forever by the man she adores?"

You can tell from the intensity with which Nancy speaks that she could never be more serious about anything. It is not, as some have said, "her first dip into the pool of maturity."

What about Tommy, the man who Nancy once described as "a guy who never says anything he doesn't mean?"

A friend of Tommy's asked him the other day, "Now that you've been engaged for so many months, are you still in love, Tom, really in love?"

Tommy's answer was straight and to the point.

"I never believed it could happen to me so hard," he replied. "I love Nancy more every hour. Every day I find new reasons for wanting her."

"I don't know what the future holds for us. No young couple can be certain. But we'll never be afraid."

—BY JOE WILTON

Sandra Dee

[Continued from page 16]

that inner voice kept asking me, "Are you over-dressed?" "Are you under-dressed?" "Why didn't you ask ahead of time what to wear?"

Now I do.

Probably nothing has gotten me into more trouble than my enthusiasm. On the spur of a moment I'll claim almost anything—to my later regret.

One afternoon I went out with a fellow who told me he liked nothing better than horseback riding. At the time, I couldn't think of anything more enjoyable than being with him, so I promptly said, "And so do I!" I was completely overlooking my horrible first horseback riding experience in New York's Central Park, when a mare slipped and fell on the icy path and nearly crushed me beneath her.

Ignored, too, were the days I had cried every time I was supposed to climb on a horse for the riding scenes in *Imitation Of Life*.

This boy promptly invited me to go riding with him the following Sunday. I said yes, but later I thought of at least a dozen excuses to keep from going. Somehow, though, on Sunday, I found myself next to him in the car, headed for the stables. Stupidly, I didn't tell him I disliked horseback riding till he gave me a hand to get on the horse. When I finally admitted I had lied, he was so hurt and disappointed that he didn't call me again for months. His resentment has since reminded me more than once not to volunteer for tasks I can't handle.

I've been told by Mom almost from the day I started to work at the studio, not to talk too much about my career. When I catch myself bringing up the subject of my work, I stop in the middle of a sentence—because that inner voice keeps warning me that people may consider me a snob. Unfortunately,

by doing this, I fear I might have established a reputation for being an even bigger snob.

Once during a recent holiday, which I celebrated with a group of people not in showbusiness, I started talking about my work, but caught myself just in time. In turn, I became so quiet that I could tell by their attitudes that they considered me stuckup because I was so quiet. "Say something, Sandra," I told myself. "Contribute something to the conversation. Don't just sit there and smile politely. . . ." But for the life of me, nothing would come out of my mouth.

The topic of conversation can also be disastrous in other ways, I found out. I used to talk about anything that came to my mind. In a way it was easier and more fun than being on a constant alert. But once I really made a booboo.

One night I was arguing with a boy about heredity and environment. I can still hear myself say, "And if you happened to grow up in a bad environment, like the slums, it couldn't help but have an effect on your outlook and behavior. . . ."

There was an icy silence before he said, "And that's exactly where I was raised. Is there anything wrong with me?"

There wasn't. And I didn't mean that there had to be, although the way I put it, it probably sounded that way. Thereafter, he was tense and ill at ease with me. We never did get back to the friendly, easy-going relationship we had once enjoyed.

Frankly, the little inner voice that keeps whispering into my ears, "Watch this" and "Watch that," has made me far more inhibited. And while there's probably some justification and even necessity for it, it has taken a good deal of fun out of life—that girl within me has ruined many of my dates. Sometimes I'm grateful for that girl, that guardian voice, but most of the time I wish she'd leave me alone. But I know she never will until I'm completely grown up.

Sandra is in U-F's *Portrait In Black and Romanoff And Juliet*.

"I said," Jim replied patiently, "why don't you marry me?"

Kitty paused one agonizing second, then fell into his arms. "My goodness," she gasped, "why . . . why did you wait so long to ask me?"

It had been exactly two weeks since Jim had read T. S. Eliot to her. He had spent the night before thinking about it. Then he had finally decided, "Well, why not?"

The late afternoon sun slanted down across the valley, over the modern, sloping roof of the Bel Air Country Club.

As Mr. and Mrs. James Franciscus drove away in his Ford convertible, Kitty put her head on Jim's shoulder and said wonderingly, "To think—I thought you wouldn't like me if I let you get to know me. How did you know you would? Just how did you know?"

Jim rubbed his cheek against the top of her head. "I just knew," he replied firmly. "I just always knew."

Which wasn't exactly true, because it took him a whole year to find out the truth. But he kissed her lightly on the forehead, while trying to keep his eyes on the road, the road to his future with a dull date who turned out to be an exciting wife. ●

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LETTERS

INTERESTING

LETTER TO "KOOKIE"

Dear Kookie:

Like hi! This is Anita Malensky writing to you. I'm in the 6th grade, and am a great fan of yours. I'm glad you're back on 77 Sunset Strip; you're the franke part about it; you know, like you're hip, you're real quaint when you're using your rake.

I cut out your "Kookie Dictionary" from the April issue of *Motion Picture*. I took it to school. The boys got hold of it. Some of the other girls brought one, also, and now the whole class is talking flip talk. Everybody thinks it's cool and cosmic!—Anita Malensky, St. Ann, Mo.

HAPPY FOR JIMMY

I've just finished reading "The Wedding of the Year" in the May issue of *Motion Picture*, and I think it was excellent. I love



Jimmy and Evy

everything about James Darron, his acting, his singing, his looks. I went to see *Gidget*, and I thought it was the best movie I have seen all year. I'm very happy for him and Evy Norlund. When I first read about them getting married, I was kind of jealous, but now I'm real happy for him.—Agnes Hendrickson, Saco, Me.

TEARS FOR A VILLIAN

I have never before been sufficiently moved by any one star's performance to write a letter of praise. But now, I simply felt the need to express my thoughts to someone besides my family and friends, whom I have been plaguing recently with the subject of Stephen Boyd. I believe *Ben-Hur* to be the most majestic and inspiring picture I've seen to date. The performances by all were perfect, but especially those of Charlton

Heston and Stephen Boyd. Great things have been predicted for this handsome Irishman, Stephen Boyd, with the twinkle in his eye, and I for one certainly hope these predictions come true.

I identified Mr. Boyd with the character of Messala to such an extent that when the chariot race was over, I was weeping hysterically for the defeated villain, while everyone else was cheering for the victorious Ben-Hur!—Margie Gormely, West Hempstead, N. Y.

ENGLAND VS. U.S.A.

My friends and I here in England were wondering what American teen-agers would think of our English idols if they saw them. It is said that English artists are gradually becoming better than American ones, though I'm not saying this is true! The most popular English stars now, I think, are Cliff Richard, Adam Faith, Marty Wilde and Billy Fury. And the most popular American stars here are Fabian, Edd Byrnes and Elvis.

I hope that someday soon I'll be able to see articles about English stars in your magazine. Until then, I'll just keep reading.—Madeleine Scott, Surbiton, Surrey, England

LIZ AND ROCK

I read your fine story about Elizabeth Taylor and her children in the May *Motion Picture*. I feel she is a truly great actress and must be put in a class with the really great artists.

My opinion is that people should not let their personal feelings enter into their opinions about a person's acting talent.



Rock's a Fan!

Some of my friends and I think that when Rock Hudson announced her name on the

Academy Awards program for the best actress nomination, he had just a touch of disgust in his voice. Is this true?—Mrs. Nancy Gerdt, Godfrey, Ill.

Editor's note: You and your friends were mistaken about thinking Rock spoke Liz' name in a disgusted tone. He and Liz have been good friends since they co-starred in *Giant*. If he sounded any other way but delighted about her nomination, it was purely unintentional.

YOU'RE WELCOME, YOU'RE WELCOME

A big thank you for the very beautiful color picture of the gracious Miss Audrey Hepburn, in your May issue. It was a wonderful surprise for me to see this large lovely picture. Up till now, I didn't have even one of her. I shall certainly treasure it.—Mrs. Doris Schmid, Chicago, Ill.

Thank you for the wonderful story about Bobby Darin. The information that Connie Francis and Jo-Ann Campbell were once in love with him was probably news to many



Who's Gonna Get Bobby?

of his fans. I had heard rumors of it, but didn't take them seriously.—Lynda Laurenson, West Vancouver, B. C.

A TRUE INSPIRATION

It was a true inspiration to read *This Moment With God* in the May issue, and to realize that although a great many of us cannot have the luxurious material things of life that movie stars possess, we can share the most precious possession of all—the love of God and the many blessings He bestows upon each of us regardless of color, creed, or financial status.

Many thanks for letting us know that there is a deeper meaning to the lives of some of the stars than their fame and fortune. It is too easy for us to conclude that people in show business have nothing more to occupy their time and thoughts than divorce, sensationalism, social and financial success, publicity, and "play-acting."—Marilyn Weaver, Fredericksburg, Va.

FIRST WITH THE MOST

A million thanks for your terrific homecoming story about Elvis in the May issue. I didn't see this story in any other magazine as early as you had it. It seems to me that *Motion Picture* is always the first with the news, and the most news, at that. So, a million thanks from Elvis' millions of fans. We're so glad to have him back!—I. L. L. Sunnyside, N. Y.

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